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# SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

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## THE TACTICS OF THE OPPOSITION.

THE weakness of the Government is so apparent, and produces so much confusion in the transaction of the ordinary business of Parliament, that the Opposition naturally asks with eagerness whether the time is not come to make a great effort for place and power. There can be no doubt that the country is suffering from the inability of the Government to devise and carry out a definite policy. It is not only that a cloud rests over all our foreign relations, and that we spend week after week of uncertainty whether war may not end the negotiations on which we have wasted so many well-meant endeavours for half a year, but there is nothing done at home. The Government cannot carry any measures of its own, it cannot secure the success of the independent members whom it supports, and it cannot shape the course and economise the time of Parliament so as to afford a proper opportunity for the passing of measures of local importance. It is only the personal reputation of the leaders of the Cabinet, and a sense that it has done some things well in former Sessions, that saves the Government from sinking into a position like that which was held by the MELBOURNE Ministry in the last years of its existence. Lord PALMERSTON has not quite reached that level of humiliation at which the head of the Government is treated with a patronizing contempt by the head of the Opposition. But this is principally because he is Lord PALMERSTON, and because his chief opponent is, not Sir ROBERT PEEL, but Mr. DISRAELI. In every step the Ministry takes, in its whole attitude to the country and the House, there is felt the want of a strong and a guiding hand. Lord PALMERSTON has gained much experience; he is more moderate and farsighted than he was twenty years ago; but it is impossible to believe that the Danish business would be in the state in which it is now if the diplomatists of Europe had had to do with the PALMERSTON of 1841. But a country cannot for ever retain its statesmen in the prime of their days, and the nation has shown beyond question that it thinks the qualities which the PREMIER has certainly gained more than compensate for those which he may possibly have lost. England is the most faithful of all nations to its political favourites, and when it has once given its esteem and confidence it is very slow to withdraw them. It would be very untrue to say that the country is tired of Lord PALMERSTON, or wishes to get rid of him. But there is a general feeling that the position which Lord PALMERSTON now holds is not the proper position for him, nor one that becomes his reputation or is on a level with the expectations of his countrymen. It was hoped that, whatever other shortcomings he might display, he would at least be free from the indecision which leaves the country and the House of Commons without the ruler that both need. Long-suffering as England is, and steadfast in its admiration of the men it once raises to eminence, it cannot be expected that Lord PALMERSTON could go through another Session like the present and not throw something of a shadow over the brightness of his fame.

The remedy which the Opposition suggests for the evils to which the weakness of the Ministry gives rise is that which naturally occurs to the minds of men who have been five years out of office. It is a simple one, and consists in the formation of a DERBY Cabinet. And, in order that this remedy may be applied, it is said that a great party attack will be made within a few days. But the Opposition is under the great difficulty that it can scarcely find any plausible ground of attack. Nominally, perhaps, the subject of attack will be the mode in which the Danish negotiations have been conducted. There has been much in the policy of the Ministry that has given an opening for hostilities. Lord RUSSELL has made mistakes which, even for him, are glaring and serious; and, partly from the conflicting influences to which the Cabinet has been subjected, partly from the want of a

leading mind in the Cabinet, there has been a great want of dignity and of resolution in the attitude of the Ministry. But, in order to render the mistakes in the Ministerial policy the basis of a change of Government, the House and the country must be convinced either that the main policy of the Government has been wrong, or that there are persons who, if in office, would have managed the matter better, although their policy might have been substantially the same. Apparently the Opposition has no intention of advocating a policy of its own. The time has gone by when a policy of war might have been opposed to a policy of peace. The country has pronounced unmistakably against making war in order to force the Germans of Schleswig to live under the rule of Denmark. It is true that this is exactly the result that a great statesman might have foreseen, and it is because the Ministry did not adopt any straightforward, intelligible, defensible policy from the outset, that it has laid itself open to reproach for its weakness and vacillation. By the time that the necessity of conceding something to Germany became apparent to the Ministry, it became apparent to the Opposition also, and peace was the watchword of the enemies as well as of the supporters of the Government. If the Opposition is content to acknowledge this, and to maintain that, although to follow a peaceful policy was right, the Ministry followed a peaceful policy in a wrong way, it will be necessary to show that there is a reasonable probability that the leaders of the Opposition would, if in office, have done better and made fewer mistakes. This can only be shown by persuading the public mind that the Cabinet which Lord DERBY could form would be abler, firmer, cleverer, and more experienced in foreign affairs than the existing Cabinet, or by fastening on a special blot in the Ministerial case, and giving reason to suppose that the Opposition would be clear from it. The Opposition can scarcely hope to instil any very wide belief, among dispassionate observers, in the superior wisdom and tact of a Conservative Foreign Secretary. But it might be possible to show that a particular fault committed by the Ministry would not be committed by their opponents. If the Conservative newspapers furnish any guide, this is to be the line taken by the Opposition. England, it will be said, has lost her position lately, and has been snubbed and disregarded because she has not acted cordially with France. The EMPEROR will not forgive the refusal of the Congress, and as long as the present Ministry lasts, harmonious action with France is impossible. The great thing, therefore, is to change the Ministry; the EMPEROR will be on the best of terms with the Conservatives, and all will then be well. No one can say that, if this is the issue raised by the Opposition, it will not be distinct and intelligible. England is to be asked whether she would not like a Ministry on which the EMPEROR would smile kindly, and if the answer is as the Opposition expects, then the Conservatives will take office as the good and true friends of LOUIS NAPOLEON.

It must be remembered that the great cause of quarrel between the EMPEROR and the present Ministry is supposed to be the refusal by the latter to send a representative of England to the Congress. But the Opposition has never ventured to say that the invitation to the Congress ought to have been accepted. Therefore, what is meant is not more than that the EMPEROR will have a more favourable feeling towards persons not in office at the time of his proposal than he can have towards the Cabinet that defeated his project. Mr. DISRAELI, too, in discussing Italian affairs, has repeatedly maintained that we ought to be guided by France with regard to everything Italian, that we should only act when France acts, and should do whatever France suggests. We can, however, scarcely believe that the leaders of the Opposition generally are willing to appeal to the country as the humble friends of France. To do so might conciliate the Irish Roman Catholics, whose support is necessary if the Opposition is to be triumphant; for, as long as the EMPEROR is bidding for the countenance of the

Church, it will suit him to keep up the temporal power of the POPE. But Englishmen generally will view with repugnance any attempt to give France the power of dictating what England shall do. In whatever form, therefore, the attack on the Ministry is made, the ultimate issue must be whether the country wishes that Lord PALMERSTON and his colleagues should go out of office. No vote of the House of Commons can demonstrate this; but a vote of the House of Commons may easily afford a reason for taking the opinion of the country. Whether Ministers are defeated or succeed, the majority for or against them will be very small. A clear proof will be given of what every one knows perfectly well, that they have not a working majority. There is only one way in which this majority can be attained, if it is to be attained at all. A general election this autumn would enable the Cabinet to ascertain the real strength on which it can rely. Nothing but a dissolution can put Lord PALMERSTON right with the country, and determine whether it is his duty to hold on or to resign. If he is beaten, he will retire honourably; whereas, if the Government, from a weak desire to avoid temporary embarrassment, were to try to drag on through another miserable Session, without a policy, without authority, without the confidence of the House, and under the silent disapprobation, and perhaps contempt, of the country, the reputation of its leaders could not save it from the general discredit it would deserve. There are, we believe, shrewd advisers in the Conservative ranks who, to use a homely phrase, wish to give the Government rope enough to hang itself, who foresee that an election next year might be much more damaging to Lord PALMERSTON than it would be this year, and who would be very glad if they could persuade their more vehement and eager friends to postpone all attacks until next Session. Such advice would be very wise if it were not in the power of the Government to defeat it altogether by dissolving before another Session begins; and if the Ministry dissolves without having been attacked this Session, the Conservatives will go to the hustings under the great disadvantage of having taken no opportunity of showing their strength in the present Parliament, of ascertaining the line of policy that is most likely to bring them support, and of shaping the cries with which they are to arouse the sleeping or wakening Toryism of the country. Not to make an attack this Session is simply to speculate on the irresolution of Lord PALMERSTON, or on the chapter of accidents which may any day open the door to Lord DERBY. To make an attack, whatever the form of the attack may be, is to raise the question whether the country wishes for a change of Ministry. Those who do not belong to any party may be perfectly content, if the country really wishes for a Conservative Government, that it should have one; but they cannot regard with indifference the prolongation of the present state of Ministerial helplessness, and they reasonably wish that the present Cabinet, containing as it does so many eminent and so many able men, should assert itself if it is to exist.

#### DENMARK AND GERMANY.

THE Danish dispute drags wearily along, while the term which has been fixed for the resumption of hostilities is rapidly approaching. As Lord PALMERSTON has declared that the Conference retains the power to prolong the armistice, it may be hoped that, in default of a definitive settlement, the influence of the neutral Powers and the moderation of Austria may still postpone useless bloodshed. The Danes, however, are justly indignant, and they have persuaded themselves that it is their interest during the summer to assert their superiority at sea. The Prussians, on the other hand, find it pleasant to combine military glory with assured impunity, and their Government is especially gratified by the success of its contrivance for silencing its mildly malcontent Parliament. The peace of Europe is in imminent danger as long as the quarrel is kept open, and the English Ministers at least are aware that their own tenure of office may be endangered by diplomatic failure. The Plenipotentiaries of the neutral Powers have already accomplished that part of their task which appeared most difficult, by persuading the principals in the dispute to accept a territorial compromise. When the stone has been patiently rolled up the steeper slope almost to the summit of the hill, SISYPHUS himself may hope that it will at last reach the top, and not roll, in Homeric phrase, "impudently" down. Members of the Conference ought, however, to possess both a sanguine disposition and a perfect command of temper, for Baron BEUST, on behalf of the Diet, is not careful to exhibit any superfluous modesty. Count BERNSTORFF had already accepted the principle of a division of territory, pro-

testing at the same time, as might have been expected, against the frontier proposed by the English Minister, on the ground that there would still be German subjects of the Danish monarchy. Baron BEUST professes to understand that his Prussian colleague will not surrender any part of Schleswig against the wish of the inhabitants, and he is "happy to state" that the Confederation, in placing itself in this point of view, is able to take advantage of the way in which it has "pleased the neutral Powers to regard the question." It seems that England and France had expressed an opinion that the provinces which were to be detached from Denmark should have a voice in the selection of their future Sovereign. The representative of the Diet, to use his own appropriate phrase, thinks that he can "take advantage" of a simple and natural suggestion to supersede the functions of the Conference, by putting the question of annexation or separation to the popular vote in a country occupied by the Prussian army. As an additional argument, Baron BEUST thinks fit to assert that Schleswig has already ceased to form a part of Denmark, and, "following this order of ideas," he holds that the burden of proof lies on those who would detach a portion of the Duchy for the benefit of the Danish Crown. It is easy enough to arrange an order of ideas which will lead in logical sequence to any desired conclusion. Germans have finer names for dialectic contrivances, but in England such reasoning is popularly known as the process of putting the cart before the horse. When a State is dismembered on grounds of political expediency or necessity, the loser is not generally supposed to receive as a boon the fragments which he may still retain of his former possessions.

It is strange that the strong national spirit which undoubtedly exists in Germany can find an utterance satisfactory to itself in quibbles so transparent and so insulting. The interests of the people of Schleswig have been too carelessly regarded by almost all the English advocates of Denmark, but, although the feelings of the population ought to be considered, it by no means follows that its suffrage should be formally invited. The Emperor of the FRENCH has motives of his own for encouraging on all occasions appeals to the decision of the multitude. In France, in Nice, and in Savoy, he has profited by the sanction of universal suffrage afforded to acts which had previously been accomplished. He has lately promoted an audacious usurpation, effected by similar machinery, in the Danubian Principalities; and he may perhaps wish to introduce the practice into the public law of Europe, with ulterior views on Belgium or on the German frontier. In proposing that the fate of Schleswig shall be decided by a vote, Baron BEUST perhaps only desires to separate England from France in the present negotiation. In this country, which has enjoyed a long experience of freedom, legislation by popular suffrage has not yet proceeded further than Mr. LAWSON'S Permissive Bill. Mr. BRIGHT himself deprecated the direct control of majorities over dissentients, and in the wider field of national law assuredly no English Minister would assent to a principle which would be fatal to all security and permanence. It seems impossible that either Austria or Prussia should adopt a precedent which they might hereafter find ruinously inconvenient. The application of the same test would at once deprive Prussia of Posen, and it might perhaps resolve the Austrian Empire into a Heptarchy. Yet Baron BEUST'S project is far more revolutionary than any measure which might concern Hungary or Venetia. As it is agreed that Schleswig is to be divided, the province can no longer be considered as an organic political unit. Before a vote could be taken, it would be necessary to create districts for the purpose, and to give each constituency an independent voice. If a parish or an electoral division on the frontiers of Jutland were to declare in favour of Germany, its choice would be ratified, although Danish patriotism prevailed in the intermediate region to the South. As the agitation would be conducted under Prussian superintendence, the result of the experiment might easily be foreseen.

When persons of habitually low morality are suddenly embarrassed by puritanic scruples, it is generally supposed that their motives for refusing to perform some obvious duty are not of the purest order. It is unfortunate that the Great Powers of Europe should, for the first time, hesitate as to their own competency, when they have the opportunity of terminating a war by a judgment which will in itself be essentially just. Even if a few hundred German children are, after all, forced to learn a Danish catechism, the anomaly is not so great as the oppression of Poland or the subjection of North-Eastern Italy to alien dominion. The German nation may console itself by the appropriate revenge of teaching its own language to the Danes who will be enclosed within the limits of the new Duchy of Schleswig-Holstein. As the population could



only be separated by the vigorous methods which are every day practised in Poland and Circassia, some violation of the pure doctrine of nationality must in any case be perpetrated. The Germans, at least, have little cause to complain of their share in the division. They have got Holstein in full possession, with the addition of the purely German part of Schleswig; and, above all this, will have undisputed possession of the Bay of Kiel, with full liberty to build there the fleet of the future, which is to deprive England of the supremacy of the seas. A few more square miles of moderately fertile land, intermixed with heath, would add but little to the importance of the great central nation of Europe.

If the dispute is finally settled before the Conference separates, feelings of irritation against England will for a time rankle both in German and Danish minds. The justice and prudence of the final decision will neither satisfy the losers nor induce the stronger party to forget the resistance which has been offered to their extreme pretensions. There has seldom been a question which Englishmen in general were so unwilling to study or so eager to decide. The almost universal prejudice in favour of the victims of invasion was in some degree justified by the overbearing language and by the practical violence of Prussia. The bias of English opinion has been deeply resented in Germany, and the Danes, while they appreciate the good will of which they are the objects, imagine, not without excuse, that they have been deserted and betrayed. When temporary excitement has subsided, it is not impossible that, even on the Continent, the honest purpose of the English nation and the friendly efforts of the Government may be more fairly estimated. It will perhaps be understood that, while every other Power was willing to leave Denmark to its fate, England interfered, by prudent advocacy and by repeated offers of mediation, to avert the war, and afterwards to re-establish peace. Many mistakes have been committed, for the most part under the pressure of popular opinion; nor can it be doubted that it would have been easier, safer, and at first sight more dignified, to copy the epicurean calmness of Russia or of France. The opposite policy of active intervention by arms would never have been tolerated by the country, and in all probability it would have aggravated the evils which it was intended to abate. The intermediate course has been sometimes unsteady, and often fussy, but it has ended in the discovery of a compromise which all parties profess to accept, and it has, at the worst, proved that there was room for friendly offices, because the conditions of peace have not been impossible. If goodwill is ultimately repaid by ingratitude, the misfortune will not be unbearable.

#### PIEBALDS.

**W**HETHER a man can make the best of both worlds is an ancient thesis of polemical disputation. At various periods in the history of the Church, the opinion of Christian teachers appears to have variously inclined towards an affirmative or a negative solution. If it is legitimate to compare great things with small, an analogous question seems to occupy the minds of politicians in our day. "Is it possible to make the 'best of both political parties?'" is the theorem on whose solution they are anxiously engaged. With a considerable number of them, the reply seems to be in the affirmative. The plan by which the requisite combination of advantages is effected is bold, but ingenious. A statesman requires two things. He requires a set of opinions for use in public discussion, and upon other solemn occasions; and he requires, of course, a political office. With the older generation of statesmen, it was the habit to seek for both these requisites upon the same side of the political arena. But the modern plan is far better. Now, the provident politician takes his opinions from one party and his office from the other. The arrangement is in the nature of an insurance, or of what a betting man would call "hedging." You stand to win, in some sort, whichever party is in power. If you have the ill-luck to be out of office, at least you have the consolation of thinking that the opinions which you profess are in the ascendant. On the other hand, if your opinions are at a discount, you are comforted by the more material solace which the possession of office is capable of conferring. It is astonishing how rapidly this new contrivance for providing against the vicissitudes of public life has become the fashion. Lord PALMERSTON is a Confederate, and a Dane; and therefore he adjusts his position to the character of his opinions by placing himself at the head of an Administration which interprets its neutrality with a leaning towards the Federals, and shapes its diplomacy to suit the ends of Germany. Lord RUSSELL first rose in the world, and has since cultivated

his reputation, by assuming and maintaining the character of a resolute Reformer. In fact, on a recent occasion, he observed that he had supported Reform when he was young, and would not desert it when he was old. Accordingly, he occupies a prominent post in an Administration which has buried Reform, and has treated the idea of reviving it with ridicule. During the first twenty-five years of his political life, Mr. GLADSTONE was a vehement Churchman, and, if he can be said to possess any personal following, it is among those who once believed in his ardour for the Church, and do not like to confess that they have been befooled. Accordingly, he, and one or two others in a similar condition, have enrolled themselves in a Government whose policy has been in the main anti-ecclesiastical, and are upheld by a party whose objection to everything that is old-fashioned in our ecclesiastical policy is exceedingly emphatic.

LORD STANLEY has recently come forward to show that this practice is not confined to Ministers. Indeed, his adhesion to the plan is far the most remarkable of any. Concerning the others, it might be said, by persons who take an uncharitable view of public affairs, that their course has been dictated by a mere desire to retain their offices. But he is open to no such imputation. If he had pursued the vulgar plan of sitting and voting upon the side with which his opinions connected him, he might have held office with little intermission ever since he entered Parliament. Of course it is possible that he may possess a secret fund of Conservatism which is known to his friends, but with which the external public is not acquainted. But, so far as it is possible to form a judgment from his public speeches, he agrees in the main with that school of politicians of which Mr. MILNER GIBSON is the smiling and successful disciple, and Mr. BRIGHT the scowling and unsuccessful leader. On the two dominant subjects of the day — ecclesiastical legislation and foreign policy — he is certainly at one with them. Last year he spoke in favour of Mr. BOUVIERIE'S Bill for admitting Dissenters to a certain class of endowments which are now held by members of the Established Church — a scheme which is the *bête noire* of the Tories in Parliament, and still more of their supporters in the country, and of which Mr. GIBSON is a well-known advocate. The other night he made a speech at the Merchant Taylors' Hall, identifying himself with Mr. GIBSON'S school still more completely by proclaiming a policy of peace at any price and under all circumstances. It would have been easy for him to have limited his advocacy of peace to the questions of the moment. If he had simply expressed a desire to remain at peace with Germany or with America, he would have expressed an opinion which is certainly not confined to the Manchester school of politicians. But he preferred a general statement. A dangerous agitation against the House of Commons was not, he said, to be feared, so long as that body "had the good sense to keep at 'peace with its neighbours.'" No qualification, no reservation of the cases in which English honour or interests might be attacked, was admitted to diminish the force of this sweeping proposition. Mr. BRIGHT could not have formulated the Peace theory more plumply, or have more confidently threatened those who violated it with the wrath of the unenfranchised. It seems at first sight strange that, where there is such a perfect accord of opinion, there should be any antagonism of political position. Why should LORD STANLEY have been, with little respite, freezing for these last fifteen years in the cold shade of opposition, while Mr. GIBSON has been, at least during the latter portion of that time, sunning himself in the *dolce far niente* of office? But the contrast ought at least to tell in favour of LORD STANLEY, who prefers the more laborious and obscurer work, and disdains the vulgar prize. It must be remembered that a great deal may be done for any set of opinions by a man who is content to simulate a sympathy with his opponents. If he watches his opportunities with care, and makes a good use of every crisis, he may entice or hustle them into a policy the thought of which may make them wring their hands with shame and vexation when they are once irrecoverably committed to it, but from which they cannot afterwards escape. LORD PALMERSTON has done a good deal in this way with the Liberals. So long as he continued to exercise a practical control over his colleagues, he was very successful in making them pursue a policy in many respects strongly Conservative under the cloak of highly Liberal watchwords. When LORD STANLEY succeeds to the position of Conservative leader, he will no doubt do as much by the Conservatives.

It is only upon the hypothesis that he intends to follow the example which the aged PREMIER has set him in this respect that LORD STANLEY'S self-denying political position can be explained. At the same time the explanation is not a

perfect one. Lord STANLEY must be shrewd enough to know that he is departing from his model in one very material particular. Lord PALMERSTON never lets slip a Conservative sentiment, except perhaps at some critical moment when he requires a few Conservative votes. Lord STANLEY's declaration in favour of unconditional peace, and of all Mr. GLADSTONE's financial measures (which at the time he voted against), was indiscreet, if he intended to recommend himself to the party to which he nominally belongs. It immediately provoked a sarcastic retort in the *Times*, which of course skilfully pretended to believe that he was speaking as the mouthpiece of his party. It is so irritating to have other people's sentiments put into one's mouth, that the speech at Merchant Taylors' Hall will probably make the Conservatives even less friendly to their young chief than they were before. If, indeed, it is to be regarded in the light of a farewell oration preparatory to making the painful plunge of conversion, it is more reconcilable with Lord STANLEY's reputation for sagacity. Before Father NEWMAN seceded from the Church of England, he retired for a while from active public life, and published an apology for all his attacks upon the opinions which he was preparing to profess. It may be that these two preliminary ceremonies are always performed by intending converts who take a long time about their conversion, and that Mr. GLADSTONE may yet have to prepare himself to struggle with a dangerous competitor for the lead of the Radical party.

#### MR. HUBBARD ON THE INCOME-TAX.

WHEN Mr. HUBBARD makes his annual speech about the Income-tax, he ought to be little surprised at the indifference of the House of Commons. The condition of moribund heresies in politics or religion is amusing, and almost pathetic. There is always a dwindling section of persistent believers who stand still while the world is moving from under them. The Nonjurors survived the Revolution for half a century, and little knots of Southcottians and Swedenborgians still cultivate their crotchets in remote corners of society. The original doctrine has not become more erroneous with the lapse of time, but the issues to which it relates have become immaterial and obsolete. Even in Scotland, the Burghers and Anti-burghers are beginning to discuss the possibility of re-uniting sects which are divided by no intelligible difference of doctrine or discipline. Annual Parliaments have tacitly disappeared from the Chartist confession of faith; and Maynooth, after sinking from Mr. SPOONER to Mr. WHALLEY, has passed, probably for ever, below the Parliamentary horizon. The theory of a graduated Income-tax still enjoys the respectable patronage of Mr. HUBBARD, but the name of the seconder of his motion is ominous. The Protestants of the United Kingdom would probably not be unwilling to vacate the premises which Mr. WHALLEY once solemnly consecrated to the celebration of their periodical orgies. When the malcontents of Schedule D succeed the enemies of Maynooth as Mr. WHALLEY's tenants, it may be presumed that Mr. HUBBARD has devoted his energies to more useful pursuits. He has happily become tired of discussing the question, although the arguments which once convinced his understanding still command his faith as authoritative dogmas. An ATHANASIUS against the universe, or rather perhaps an ARIUS, he finds nutriment to his belief even in the perverse obstinacy of incredulous economists. Three or four years ago, when the controversy was yet alive, Mr. HUBBARD succeeded in obtaining a Select Committee to examine his project. The tribunal to which he had appealed decided against his scheme, and he has never since ceased to declare that the evidence ought to have led to an opposite conclusion. As many of the witnesses were selected by himself, it is not surprising that their opinions confirmed his prepossessions; but, as the only special knowledge which is required to form a judgment on the principle of direct taxation consists in the rules of arithmetic, witnesses could, from the nature of the case, only act as assessors or advisers to the Committee. The advocates of inequality who were collected by Mr. HUBBARD broke down under cross-examination so utterly as to convert some of the members who had previously favoured their doctrine.

Optimists might discover, even in annual motions by the votaries of exploded fallacies, a kind of providential use. Popular delusions which have been effectually exposed are more likely to retain their vitality if they are allowed to rest until the confutation is forgotten. For the cause of truth, it is better that the exposure should be frequently repeated; nor is an annual lecture on the principles of taxation by Mr. GLADSTONE an insignificant advantage. Mr. WHALLEY also serves the cause of justice by his coarse caricature of Mr.

HUBBARD's comparatively plausible sophisms; for the most careless and thoughtless members may be startled by a crude proposal to exempt all the profits of trade and manufactures from their share of taxation. Even if Mr. BRIGHT had succeeded in separating the taxpayers from the possessors of political power, universal suffrage would disapprove of the exemption which Mr. WHALLEY demands for the wealthy middle classes. There would be no objection to imposing burdens on the landowner, but the capitalist would also experience the blessings of arbitrary graduation. The present House of Commons is more likely to be impressed by Mr. GLADSTONE's favourite argument that one class can only be relieved at the expense of another. As Mr. WHALLEY would strike off at one blow from one-half to two-thirds of the Income-tax, the dullest calculator cannot fail to understand that the rate must be raised in the same proportion. Mr. HUBBARD, as he would mulct the owners of property with greater moderation and decency, has contrived to persuade himself that he is a friend of the unhappy landowner; but when the driver has once forgotten the simple rule of keeping all the traces equally tight, the distribution of the strain among the team tends to become constantly more capricious and unequal. Mr. BOVILL, applying probably for the first time a trained intellect to an unfamiliar subject, stumbles on the gratuitous distinction which has often been suggested between the results of active exertion and the less meritorious accidents of fortune or inheritance. In any other pecuniary transaction it would never occur to Mr. BOVILL that there could be a difference between one five-pound and another. The fees of a great advocate have neither more nor less than the purchasing power which belongs to equal amounts of rent or dividend. If the adoption of Mr. WHALLEY's plan imposed an exceptional tax of ten or twenty per cent. on land, it is evident that the relative value of professional incomes would be largely increased. Mr. BOVILL complains of a more legitimate grievance when he speaks of the evasions of traders, as Mr. HUBBARD had exposed the injustice of the present system of averages. There is no doubt that the evil is inseparable from the tax, but it is hard that the innocent class of proprietors should suffer through the frauds which are already perpetrated at their expense by unscrupulous manufacturers and tradesmen.

If Mr. GLADSTONE's financial convictions were less changeable, more interest would be excited by occasional hints of his intentions than by Mr. HUBBARD's fancies. He has at different periods of his career denounced the Income-tax as vicious or dangerous, and he has relied upon it for the means of accomplishing great fiscal changes. When there is no immediate pressure, he seems to recur to the opinion that a diminution of public expenditure would both facilitate and justify the abolition of the tax. In his Budget speech of the present year, he held out vague hopes that he might hereafter redeem his pledges of 1853. If the occasion arose, he would probably discover many other changes in the financial system which would be both more beneficial and more attractive to his imagination. The income of the country can well afford a reasonable contribution to the necessities of the State, and there are political advantages in the assumption by the richer classes of a tangible and visible share of the public burdens. It is highly desirable that the tax should be reduced to a moderate percentage on income, and probably no better arrangement could be devised than a permanent adjustment at the rate of fourpence in the pound, producing a revenue of five millions, which would gradually increase. Mr. GLADSTONE has, in many of his speeches, refuted popular errors on the theory of taxation, but he has himself deprived his arguments of their best practical illustration by repeatedly altering the rate of the tax. Having found it at sevenpence, he reduced it prospectively to fivepence; he raised it to ninepence and to sixteenpence; immediately after the Russian war he urged a rapid reduction; when he returned to office he fixed it at tenpence, at ninepence, at sevenpence, and for the present he charges sixpence. The equable pressure of the rate of sevenpence from 1842 to 1854 had already corrected more than one half of the alleged anomaly, and, in another equal period, experience would almost have convinced Mr. HUBBARD of his fundamental mistake. A fourpenny tax would be still more favourable to sound theories of taxation, and it is not impossible that it might render traders somewhat more conscientious.

It is satisfactory to find that the expectant Chancellor of the Exchequer in Lord DERBY's Administration finds himself sufficiently interested in the security of the public revenue to warn the House against Mr. HUBBARD's inveterate prejudices and Mr. BOVILL's off-hand errors. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE will be a safer Minister than his Parliamentary leader, who proposed, in 1852, a graduated Income-tax, which would



have imposed a discriminating duty on landowners. There is, fortunately, every year less and less room for serious financial blunders. Some Chancellors of the Exchequer are bolder than others, and Mr. GLADSTONE has more than once violated sound principles by the presentation of a balance-sheet with a deficit. On the whole, however, all statesmen agree that trade should as far as possible be relieved, and that, with certain necessary exceptions, all kinds of property should be considered equally liable to taxation. Even those who fail to see through Mr. HUBBARD's delusions can easily discover that he has a mild monomania on the subject of the Income tax. Legislation in favour of private bankers is less than ever to be feared, since the beginning of the movement by which old established firms have merged their existence in joint-stock companies. Of shareholders Mr. HUBBARD is the inveterate enemy, but he will scarcely convince the House of Commons that the profits of Messrs. JONES LOYD's banking business ought to be more heavily taxed because they are now divided among the London and Westminster proprietors. The subject of taxation is so important that, even when it is approached on the wrong side, the discussion is sometimes neither useless nor altogether uninteresting.

#### LORD MALMESBURY ON GARBLING.

HAVING been Foreign Secretary, Lord MALMESBURY naturally takes great interest in what is said of England abroad. He wishes us to stand well with the foreigners, and that nothing should be made a matter of reproach to us. Consequently, as he explained the other night in the House of Lords, he has been greatly troubled by the indiscretion with which all the evidence unfavourable to the public schools of England has been printed. The masters of the different schools, and more especially of Eton, gave it as the result of their experience that the boys do not study much, as a rule, at those institutions; and at Eton, it was added, the boys stroll occasionally to a public-house, and, when there, are apt to take a little more than they ought. Lord MALMESBURY, with a fine Tory boldness, denies that this is true. Eton is a great and a venerable institution, and he cannot understand how it is that the boys educated there should not learn grammar. Besides, he knows that grammar used to be well taught there, and he cannot conceive that grammar should have fallen off. But even if all this were true—if the Eton boys do go to the Christopher, and if they come up to Christchurch without being able to construe easy classical authors—at any rate the foreigners need not know it. We ought to wash our dirty linen at home, and not go telling all the world what are the bad habits of English schoolboys. The foreigners are always on the look-out for something that will tell against the "famous English aristocracy," and the evidence of the Public Schools Report will be what is vulgarly called "nuts" to them. It is all very proper that our public schools should be reformed if they need it, but foreigners ought to be kept under the delusion that Eton boys are very good and very learned, that they walk two and two about the fields, take nothing but water to drink, and can construe almost any author, Greek or Latin, except the naughty parts of ARISTOPHANES and JUVENAL, at sight. The Continentals would then have a proper respect for the famous English aristocracy, and, being accustomed to see the adult members of the order in their capitals, and to watch with what sobriety and moderation the young lords behave who come to shine at Vienna and Paris, they would rejoice to trace the same character running from the cradle to the grave, and would see how completely the child in this case is the father of the man. Lord CLARENDON, who had to answer on behalf of the Commissioners, replied that this might be highly desirable, but that the Commissioners were appointed to procure and publish evidence. They asked questions of the masters of the public schools, and they recorded the answers given. What choice had they? If that Dean of Christchurch said that the young men came up to his college from Eton uninstructed in the classical rudiments, what did Lord MALMESBURY suppose they ought to have done? Should they have garbled the evidence, and only printed that which was favourable to the schools, and likely to set the famous aristocracy in a pleasant light before Continental readers? Lord MALMESBURY explained that he did not wish that the evidence had been garbled, but "discretion should have been used as to what was published of it." Garbling would be low, but the right thing is to be discreet as to what should be published. Lord CLARENDON replied, with some effect, that this was only the circumlocution for garbling. It is the difference between hanging a man and suspending him by the

neck till he is dead. Anyhow the man is hanged, and anyhow, if Lord MALMESBURY had had his way, the unfavourable evidence would have disappeared.

We now see why Lord MALMESBURY is so fond of his eternal truths. They are exactly the things to fit into the holes where statements of fact should come. They sound well to foreigners, do credit to the English aristocracy, and do not convey the slightest meaning to any human being. We can conceive what a report on Eton would be like if Lord MALMESBURY were appointed to draw it up. It would state that Eton was very rich and very flourishing, that the mutton was truly admirable, that the happy boys were most fondly attached to their cricket, and that as to their studies, their knowledge of classical authors, their acquaintance with mathematics, and their proficiency in French, why—honesty is the best policy, man is born to die, and two and two make four. This is the sort of thing to charm, to dazzle, and—if the truth must be told quite privately—to delude the Continentals. Foreigners would never see through a report like this. They might think it odd, and English; but they must respect an aristocracy that was reported, after solemn inquiry, to be brought up in that sort of way. These are Lord MALMESBURY's views, and Lord MALMESBURY has twice been Foreign Secretary. Even the Chancellor OXENSTIERN, with all his experience of the "small wisdom with which the world is governed," could scarcely have believed it. And yet Lord MALMESBURY has only fallen on the wrong days. Fifty years ago he would have made a respectable official, and his conception of the mode in which to make a public report would have been widely accepted. Garbling was quite the fashion in those days; nor is it to be supposed that so useful an art will ever die out of the world. Mr. Secretary STANTON spends half his time in deciding what will be the discreet thing for the telegraph to announce to the New York papers. We are quite sure that he is as much above garbling as Lord MALMESBURY; but when the news is unfavourable he is discreet, and instead of telegraphing that ten or twelve thousand Federals have just been killed in an unsuccessful attack on entrenchments, he merely announces that GRANT and his brave soldiers are on the road to victory. Lord MALMESBURY's career as Foreign Secretary, we may hope, is closed. Such humour as there was in appointing him is now stale and flat, and a competent person, although less amusing, would do Lord DERRY more credit and give him less trouble. But rumour says that Lord MALMESBURY is going as Ambassador to Paris, and it is curious to picture what his despatches will be like if he takes to garbling or to "discretion" there. The First NAPOLEON will supply him with an excellent example. That great man used perfectly to revel in discretion. He used to issue rodomontades in which there was not one word of truth from beginning to end, and the French of that day enjoyed his manifestoes, and had tastes sufficiently like those of Lord MALMESBURY to think false statements very fine and very proper things as long as the shape they took was dignified and Ossianic. As for asking for Parliamentary papers when Lord MALMESBURY has to produce them, or is the author of the documents wanted, even Mr. DARBY GRIFFITHS will see the absurdity of such a step. We know beforehand what we shall get, and unless a member hopes to justify to his taxpaying constituents the cost of printing tissues of vague favourable statements interwoven with eternal truths, he had better not make a blue book out of Lord MALMESBURY.

By the side of Lord MALMESBURY Lord CLARENDON shines in this matter as a sensible and straightforward man. Nothing could be better than the way in which he states his views of the duties of a Commissioner appointed to take evidence. The facts were true and were publicly stated, and therefore, however unpleasant they might be, they were printed. This was all the justification that was possible or necessary. Lord CLARENDON was above being "discreet" about unpleasant facts in order that he might deceive foreigners and glorify the "famous English aristocracy." It appears to be generally allowed that he discharged his duties as head of the Commission with sense and firmness; and he has now shown that, though he is not a great statesman and has made serious mistakes, it would at least be unfair to class him with Lord MALMESBURY. It is strange that the very occasion which has made this unfairness conspicuous has happened also to reveal Lord CLARENDON in the character of a defender of plain honest statements in print. Perhaps the greatest mistake of his life was the reckless facility with which he countenanced the EMPEROR's project for the suppression of the freedom of the Belgian Press. The Belgian Press had undoubtedly been guilty of the license which generally prevails when violent, half-educated men write of

neighbouring countries in a time of great excitement and alarm. But it was not for the representative of England to interfere, or to set himself up as judge between a foreign press and a foreign Sovereign, who had indisputably done things that deserved very plain and very strong criticism, and which were then fresh in the minds of men, although they are now in some measure forgotten. But if grave crimes are forgotten in a man who has shown himself capable of rendering great services to his country, errors of judgment may well be forgiven in a statesman who is anxious to make himself useful, and who has some of the qualifications necessary for office. Lord CLARENDON deserves credit, not only for the pains he took to make the Commission successful, but still more for the frankness with which he gave the public the information it desired, and for the easy and deserved contempt with which he has treated Lord MALMESBURY's childish appeals for a little clever and creditable garbling in honour of the English aristocracy. We are pleased that he has taken this course, as we think that this aristocracy makes itself famous, not by pretending to be better than it is, but by furnishing a supply of statesmen with courage and intelligence for the service of the State.

#### AMERICA.

THE result of the great Virginian campaign is still uncertain, nor is any conjecture worth attention as long as the comparative numbers of the combatants are yet unknown. The success of the invaders would compensate for all mistakes and shortcomings, and the political importance of the conquest of Richmond would perhaps justify all the sacrifices which it might have cost. For the present, it can only be said that the military honours of the struggle belong thus far to the Confederates. General LEE has not been strong enough to prevent his adversary from approaching the capital, but he has compelled him to abandon in succession two or three of the lines of approach which he had deliberately selected. With the loss of a month, and of 70,000 or 80,000 men, General GRANT has arrived at a position which he might have occupied, without the possibility of resistance, in two or three days' sail from Washington. General M'CLELLAN may reasonably triumph in the forced acknowledgment of his popular rival that Richmond is only to be assailed from the peninsula, and that the march through Northern Virginia was a costly blunder. The English and French generals commenced their campaign in the Crimea by a similar admission of error when they marched to Balaklava after fighting a useless battle for the command of the northern road to Sebastopol. Like the Federal Commander-in-Chief, they were enabled to change their base at pleasure, because they drew their supplies from their ships; but they were wrong either in threatening Sebastopol from the north or in besieging it on the south. The American war has illustrated more fully than any previous struggle the vast advantage which is secured by the undisputed command of the sea and of navigable rivers. In the course of his advance, General GRANT has successively drawn his supplies from Washington, from the Lower Potomac, from the Rappahannock, and from York River; nor is it by any means improbable that, if the Federal gunboats retain their superiority, he may finally follow the footsteps of M'CLELLAN after the battles of the Chickahominy, and unite his army with General BUTLER's force on either side of the James River. The facility of choosing different plans of campaign is highly valuable, but the waste of stores which must have been occasioned by the repeated changes of plan is almost incalculable. The Federal Government, however, is entitled to the credit of having organized its commissariat so effectively that none of its armies in any part of the country have suffered from insufficient supplies.

General GRANT was perhaps aware that the positions which General LEE might occupy were impregnable, if the Confederate army was at leisure to defend them. The battles of the second week in May may have been fought to occupy his attention, in the hope that BUTLER might in the meantime crush the inferior force of BEAUREGARD, and even find his way into Richmond. The failure of the projected diversion perhaps compelled a change in the plan of the campaign; but whatever may have been the cause of the disappointment, it is certain that the original scheme has been abandoned or largely modified. Since the passage of the Pamunkey, General GRANT has made an unsuccessful attempt to cut off his adversary from Richmond. It is highly probable that LEE's present position has been elaborately fortified, in anticipation of the emergency which has now arisen; and if the

defences are found too strong to be attacked, it only remains for GRANT to try the left or right bank of the James River, as the easiest line of approach. For some time after M'CLELLAN's celebrated strategic movement to Hamilton's Landing, his admirers asserted that his chances of taking Richmond had never been so favourable. If the attempt is renewed, General LEE will once more move by a shorter line, and he will probably still be covered by fortifications. Unless supplies or provisions fail, it would seem that 100,000 resolute men, skilfully led, ought to be able to defend the city against twice their number of assailants. The conditions, however, of the struggle are imperfectly known, and it is possible that the Confederates may already be suffering from exhaustion. On any other supposition, the state of affairs scarcely justifies the sanguine expectations of the North. The position of BUTLER may become dangerous if the ironclads which have been built in the upper part of the James River prove a match for the Federal gunboats. A single Confederate vessel in the York River delayed for a considerable time the advance of M'CLELLAN in 1862, and Bermuda station would become untenable if the transports and store-ships were exposed to the risk of destruction or capture.

In one respect General GRANT's position differs from M'CLELLAN's, as he is cut off by land from Washington. At the time of the battles on the Chickahominy, M'DOWELL and POPE commanded large armies in Northern Virginia, and as soon as Richmond appeared to be safe on the side of the peninsula, LEE moved to the Potomac and drove his opponents into Pennsylvania and Maryland. General GRANT has probably ascertained that the Confederate forces are too weak to attempt any offensive movement, and as long as he holds his present position he can take care that LEE makes no movement without giving him an opportunity to counteract it. It is remarkable, however, that the Confederates should, at the moment when their capital is almost besieged, hold, nearly without dispute, the territory for which both parties have been fighting since the commencement of the war. Although no regular troops may be disposable for the purpose, it may be supposed that partisans and guerillas will destroy all traces of Federal occupation between the Potomac and the Pamunkey. GRANT himself has destroyed the bridges and interrupted the railways by which his own advance was effected, and, unless he returns to Washington as a conqueror, the sea remains as his only line of retreat. If, indeed, he could inflict a crushing defeat on LEE, or compel him to retreat to the south-west, he might easily overpower any desultory opposition to his homeward march. The country is probably too much exhausted to be available for the supply of either army; but any resources which it may still contain will be more within the reach of LEE than of GRANT. The anxiety of the Federal Commander-in-Chief to shorten his communications contrasts strangely with the bold advance of SHERMAN into the hostile territory of Georgia.

According to a Richmond paper, one of SHERMAN's lieutenants has been defeated with a loss of 6,000 or 8,000 men. So serious a blow is scarcely reconcilable with the statement of the Federal journals that SHERMAN is still continuing his onward march. If the Confederate General in Georgia is strong enough to fight and win a pitched battle, it would be madness to follow him in a retreat which can only be designed to draw the invader further from his resources. But all the accounts from Georgia are singularly meagre, and it is not even known whether General POLK has joined the main army, or what is the number of his forces. General FORREST, who has for some weeks been hovering on the borders of Kentucky, has probably moved to the south-east for the purpose of intercepting SHERMAN's communications; and it is not known that any considerable force is ready to counteract his movements. In the meantime, the boasted conquests of last year appear to be rapidly escaping from the grasp of the Federals. They are probably well advised in their present policy of concentrating their exertions on Richmond and Atlanta; but their adversaries may boast of the truth of their assertions that the territory which was supposed to be reclaimed to the Union was limited to the camps and fortresses which had been established in their country. The Mississippi is closed to commerce, and a large portion of the State of that name has been relieved from foreign occupation. The greater part of Louisiana is in the hands of the Confederates, and the Northern forces are about to evacuate Arkansas. It is reported that the troops which lately escaped after their defeat from the Red River have been sent to the remote battle-fields of Virginia, though they will scarcely arrive there before the fate of the campaign is decided. LEE's gallant resistance, even should it prove ultimately unsuccessful,



will not have been useless to the Confederate cause if it has compelled the Government of Washington to relinquish its hold on large provinces which had been nominally conquered. The recovery of lost ground will require the maintenance of large armies which it may be difficult to recruit, and it will impose a heavy burden on the finances. Mr. CHASE is at present asking for a loan of 15,000,000*l.* at an immediate rate of 11 per cent.; and although he will probably obtain it, there must be a limit even to American loans. The House of Representatives, however, is still busying itself with financial measures which are by no means exclusively intended to relieve the wants of the Treasury. The famous Mr. MORRILL, who was the first to recognise the pecuniary advantages of Secession, is once more passing a Bill for a further increase of the tariff through a sympathetic Assembly. As he forcibly urges, protective duties are enriching the manufacturers of New England, and will increase their capacity to pay taxes. The obvious consideration that his clients can only profit at the expense of consumers in all parts of the Union is overruled by the argument that JEFFERSON DAVIS and the Southern politicians in general always objected to excessive tariffs. It follows that economic orthodoxy tends to political schism, and the House of Representatives will probably adopt the ingenious measures which are promoted in the interest of Massachusetts and Pennsylvania. The Americans have some reason to boast of the wealth and prosperity which survives the manipulation of the statesmen and legislators whom it is their pleasure to employ.

#### LITTLE WARS.

IF some persons are lamenting that we are improperly shrinking from great wars to which, in their opinion, we are in honour pledged, at least there exists for their consolation the undoubted fact, as a set-off, that we are perfectly ready to enter into little wars whenever occasion offers. As it seems to be our fate to come off worst even in these little wars, our abstinence from greater conflicts may perhaps claim the praise of substantial, though humiliating, prudence. Ashantee and New Zealand will not be names which, in future ages, any regiment will be eager to inscribe upon its banners. It is an odd fatality which seems to be perpetually driving us to undertake precisely the sort of enterprises for which we are most unfit. Our army is a rigid, pipe-clayed machine, which does its work admirably well under circumstances favourable to stiff stocks and poker-like attitudes. It is wholly incapable of running away, both on account of its natural bravery, and also because its peculiar attire and elaborate training indispose it to any proceeding so disorderly as running at all. The particular work, therefore, for which it is most unfitted is a bush warfare with savages. The amount of crawling which it involves is something to which the British soldier's joints are not used, and against which his costume totally rebels. The very independence of the movements which are required in bush warfare against an enemy who manœuvres mainly upon his stomach, is utterly abhorrent to the English soldier's previous training. Of course, under such circumstances, this is the kind of service upon which the authorities chiefly delight to employ our troops. None of that edifying horror of bloodshed which forms so touching an element of English policy in Europe or America is allowed to interfere with the proceedings of warlike Governors upon distant shores, among tribes who know nothing of rifled guns. The result is that we have generally a little war going on somewhere, and unfortunately the news of the campaigns is not uniformly glorious. The last accounts from Ashantee are simply sickening, and the intelligence from New Zealand is not flattering to our prowess. It appears that these natives—with no artillery, with muskets only of the rudest make, which they have never been drilled to use, with scanty resources, wooden fortifications, and no semblance of an organized military force—have inflicted upon the English army another "disaster." What the proportions of this calamity are appears to be open to some doubt. But, if there be any truth in the rumoured calamity at all, it is sufficient to suggest grave reflections as to the policy which has led us into such an enterprise—an enterprise so barren of any possible advantage, so fruitful in cost and difficulty and discredit.

If the last accounts are to be trusted, the real danger seems to lie in our having undertaken a task far beyond what we have strength to perform. We are attempting to conquer what we cannot possibly hold. Sir GEORGE GREY's plan of constructing a frontier of military settlements, behind which the white colonists might lie secure, is a practical scheme. Those who are hereafter to occupy the frontier lands, if they are numerous enough to do so with safety and profit, are certainly numerous enough to conquer them; and, with the aid of the

few British regiments in the island, their victory should be secure. But the New Zealand Government appear to be aiming at more than this. They will not, apparently, be content to shut in an independent native State between the borders of the British settlements, and leave it to work out its own national destiny in its own fashion. They must have a nominal submission, and the restoration of a nominal sovereignty. Such a result might be practicable if there were any confidence, on the part of the natives, in the friendliness or justice of British Governors. Ten years ago such a confidence existed, and loyalty to British rule in the purely native districts was becoming more and more confirmed. But the unlucky dispute of the Waitera has put an end to all those hopes, at all events for a very long period. The Government which, to use Sir JOHN TRELAWSY's expression, attempted "to settle a Chancery suit by marching in a 'file of soldiers,'" appeals in vain to the natives to trust it in respect of land. It will require the lapse of some years, and a continued display of justice and moderation, which the colonists will probably execrate as sentimentalism, to renew the confidence that has been destroyed. Until that time has arrived, the native districts which the New Zealand Government is trying to recover by force must be held by force. It is exceedingly doubtful whether the troops which the much-enduring British taxpayer now maintains in the island will be equal to the task, and such doubts are painfully confirmed by the late intelligence. But even the patience of England will not consent to keep such a force in New Zealand for any length of time. By the agreement into which Mr. CARDWELL has recently entered, it is arranged that, after this war is once brought to a conclusion, only one regiment shall remain in New Zealand at the expense of the Mother-Country. The colonists will have to maintain a local force very different in its dimensions from that which they have been recently able to bring into the field, if they intend, under these conditions, to bend the obstinate hostility of the alienated Maoris to a dutiful allegiance to the Auckland Parliament.

The intended settlement of our financial relations with New Zealand would be very satisfactory if there were any chance of its being carried out. The idea of leaving but one regiment in the island, and forcing the colony to pay the cost even of that in the shape of a vote for the civilization of the natives, is undoubtedly a good one. It gives a virtuous aspect to our military tribute, which is very pleasing. The notion that we are spending a sum of money every year to defend the New Zealanders against their enemies, when the New Zealanders spend nothing to defend us against ours, is in itself irritating. It may be generosity; but in this evil world it is apt to be misinterpreted. People do say that we are paying a large sum of money in order to enjoy the nominal sovereignty of a country over whose government we have in reality no more practical control than we have over the government of Kamtschatka. Now it is not pleasant to have the reputation of purchasing with money the semblance of a grandeur which one does not really possess. It has an awkward resemblance to the device of that Highland Peer who sent to London for a *corps* of Highland retainers with dresses complete, that he might receive his Sovereign in a truly national manner. Or, to go into humbler life, it is rather like hiring at so much a night a pine-apple "from my own garden." A genuine Empire is a very grand thing. But a sham Empire, consisting chiefly of titles and professions of allegiance heavily paid for in hard cash, is rather a *parvenu* counterfeit of the real thing. We owe some gratitude to Mr. CARDWELL for putting a more respectable outside upon the transaction. The money is not to be paid for the sake of retaining the impalpable advantages which are contained in a barren and nominal allegiance. It is to be paid as a sort of subscription to works of mercy. It only remains to give the last touch of respectability to the arrangement by transferring the cost of the New Zealand contingent from the Army Estimates to that branch of the Miscellaneous Estimates which is devoted to charitable payments to Poles, Spaniards, and others. The only hitch in the arrangement is the utter improbability that the force will ever be reduced to a single regiment. If any attempt is made to hold the purely native districts in the Northern island under British rule, incessant insurrections will probably be the result; and they will issue in war, which will of course be waged in savage fashion. Whatever agreements the COLONIAL SECRETARY may have made upon the question of military aid, it will be quite impossible for him to maintain them, if anything like a destructive raid is made into the settled districts. The colonists know how to manage these things. The news that is sent home will be adorned with pathetic details that will tell effectively upon the

public opinion of England; and unless some great urgency nearer home makes the despatch of reinforcements impossible, they will be sent. The only way to ensure a continued relief to the British tax-payer is to take precautions that there shall be no more New Zealand wars. They cannot be avoided by futile efforts to subjugate the whole Maori race; but only by confining the efforts of the colony to that which it is really able to hold—a strong protective frontier of military settlements.

#### IRISH ASSASSINATION.

**T**HERE is unhappily but too much evidence that Ireland is rapidly retrograding towards that state of semi-barbarism from which, for many years after the great famine, she seemed to be emerging. Systematic assassination has for the last year or two been vigorously reasserting its claim to be considered as one of the national institutions of the sister island; and men are asking, almost in despair, if there is any cure for this evil, which is corroding away the heart and strength of the country and making it almost a relief to hear that the peasantry are flocking by tens of thousands into the service of the United States. Whether the material wealth of Ireland has really suffered the diminution which some of her agitating patriots assert is, to say the least, extremely doubtful; but though the effect may not yet have manifested itself in this unmistakable form, it is certain that for some years there has been a marked check in the remarkable progress which had previously been visible, and that this check has coincided pretty nearly in time with the revival of assassination. Although the fluent declaimers of the so-called patriotic party have, on this as on other occasions, confounded the cause and the effect, no one can doubt that the terrorism which stops the flow of capital and enterprise is the cause, and not the consequence, of Irish distress. The rate of interest is generally supposed to be a measure of the risk of an investment, and when the risk extends to life, as well as capital, it must need very large returns to make an Irish estate a desirable property. The question has been discussed again and again, whether there is no remedy for the mischief to which all the misfortunes of Ireland may be traced, and always with the same result. The most casual consideration is enough to show that the reason why we have agrarian crime in Ireland and not in England is, that here the law is respected and the criminal abhorred, while in Ireland the law is abhorred and the criminal screened, and almost respected, as the vindicator of the rights of his class. If we go a step further, and ask why this feeling exists, we shall not find it in any difference in the laws of the two countries. Our English tenants are legally quite as much at the mercy of their landlords as their brethren on the other side of the Channel. Over a large portion of the agricultural land of England, leases are as uncommon as in any part of Ireland. Yet we do not find blunderbusses and threatening letters resorted to as substitutes for covenants and long terms of years. The practice of assassination, like other national customs, assumes different forms from time to time. Once it was the fashion to shoot parsons and every one else concerned in the collection of tithe. The Legislature interposed by changing the incidence of the burden, and removing the temptation to this particular form of the crime. But remedies of this kind can only be superficial, and the tide of assassination merely took a new direction. Tithes had, in a certain sense, been shot away by the unsparing energy of the Riband Societies, and it was the most natural thing in the world to infer that rent might be shot away with equal success. Landlords became the next victims, but an idea seems soon to have crept into the astute minds of the people that landlords were a very powerful and energetic class, and that too much intimidation might produce a formidable reaction. The assassins accordingly framed for themselves a new policy, and where one shot was fired at the owner of the soil, a dozen blunderbusses were pointed at agents and incoming tenants. If, however, any duty in this world is clear, it is that a landlord is bound to use the same efforts for the protection of his servants and his tenantry which he would think necessary and justifiable if his own life were threatened; and in such a state of society as exists in Ireland, stringent measures taken in self-defence are almost the only possible means of rooting out an evil which has sapped, and, if it continues, will for ever sap, the prosperity of a country which contains within itself every element of happiness and progress except the most essential condition of all—a law-fearing population. Any action against crime, outside of the law, no doubt requires to be closely scrutinised, and can only be justified if the law has notoriously proved too weak for the repression of

crime. But in Ireland the law has signally failed to put down intimidation and murder as the weapons of one class against another; and no one can say that it is the duty of a landlord patiently to let himself be shot in order to vindicate the majesty of the law.

Westmeath has of late almost eclipsed the old fame of Tipperary as a criminal county, and the estate of one of the Members, Colonel FULKE GREVILLE, is blessed with one of those peat bogs which seem to have an especial fertility in the production of assassins among other more or less valuable products. The cutting of turf is the commonest of all subjects of dispute between Irish landlords and tenants. The thing itself is, except when large quantities are in question, of so small a value that encroachments grow up at first almost insensibly. If not interfered with, they often end by denuding a whole mountain side, and exhausting in one generation the fuel which might furnish a perpetual supply. As a check upon such abuses, the privilege of cutting turf is ordinarily guarded on well-managed estates by the imposition of a trifling royalty, and by actual prohibition in cases where a bog requires time to recover itself. As the property in the turf is in almost all cases absolutely the landlord's, any permission to take it, however limited, is a mere act of grace on his part, and it is not only his right, but the interest of the neighbouring cottiers, that a claim to appropriate it without payment and without stint should be resisted in the outset. It seems that Colonel GREVILLE's agent, Mr. MORRIS, had issued some orders to stop the plunder of turf on Caddagh Bog, in return for which he received a letter so characteristic that we must quote it at length:—

Morris take notice that if there is not permission giving to the people to cut turf on Caddagh Bog this season, you may be sure of a dooce of lead as sure as we are penning them lines down. See dont be deceived. Your making a great fellow of yourself saying to the people that you cant doe anything for them, that it is Colonel Greville's orders to doe these things, but why didnt Colonel Greville doe these things before you came in power under him. But you know you never told anything that was good for the people or Country to him, and we know dam well that you worked a many a bad dark deed with the Colonel against the people, and know to complete your desinges you want to perish them for fire this winter. But dont deceive yourself, for if you dont reprimand that order with regard to the turf cutting on Caddagh Bog an let it goe on as usualle, this is what you may expect be for yr. feeble at our hands.

YOUR COFFIN.

No one could well doubt that the letter proceeded from some of the turf-cutters whose occupation had been interfered with; and if Mr. MORRIS had been shot, one must shut one's eyes to all that we know of Ireland to suppose that the tenants of the Caddagh would not screen the assassin by all the means in their power. Detectives, no doubt, would be employed; some one would be taken up on suspicion; a score of witnesses within hearing of the fatal shot would depose to having seen nothing and suspected nothing; a jury of sympathizing peasants would acquit the prisoner, and a grand bonfire on the highest point of the bog would testify to the joy of the inhabitants at the failure of justice. This, at least, would be the course of events unless Caddagh Bog is a very exceptional district. Colonel GREVILLE thought, and thought rightly, that this was not a desirable way of dealing with so serious a matter, and, however weak criminal justice may be, the law does leave in the hands of a landlord the power to get rid of tenants to whom he does not think it safe to entrust his own and his agent's lives. Accordingly, he announced that, if a hair of Mr. MORRIS's head were touched, every family in the Caddagh should be evicted and their houses levelled with the ground. As a matter of course, the Irish press has raised a howl of indignation against this undoubtedly severe measure, and has reproduced the usual platitudes, that a man has no right to punish any one without legal proof of guilt, and that Colonel GREVILLE ought to wait till his agent was actually shot, and content himself with an unsuccessful prosecution, which could neither restore the victim nor, in all probability, bring the criminal to the gallows.

We demur altogether to this reasoning. Punishment is one thing, and self-defence is another. No one would hesitate to turn out of his service a so-called innocent man with a disposition to shut his eyes when burglars entered the house; and if the suspicion that the Caddagh people would be equally blind to the assassin who came forward to murder in their cause had any reasonable foundation, it seems to us that Colonel GREVILLE was not only justified, but has done good service to his country, in letting his tenants know that he does not mean to be surrounded by people of so unsatisfactory a type. If the suspicion were wholly groundless, the people might have a just cause of complaint; but before it can be urged, the innocents are bound to show cause why they should have credit for an abhorrence of crime which is certainly not one of the charac-



teristics of their class. Some, perhaps, might suffer who really would give evidence of an assassination committed before their eyes, but their suffering would be due, not to the defensive action of their landlord, but to the notorious disposition of their class, which renders such exceptional severity necessary. In principle, the much-applauded practice which throws the charge of an additional police force upon districts where unpunished crime is rife is the same as that on which Colonel GREVILLE has acted. There is nothing so likely to eradicate that inherent vice of Ireland which makes every man's hand to be against the law and with the assassin, as the enforcement of the duty which lies upon every community and every district to keep itself clear from the taint of crime. It is scarcely credible that an assassin should appear in defence of the rights of the Caddagh people if the public opinion of that little community is adverse to so stringent a mode of seeking redress. As a body, these cottiers can save themselves harmless from their landlords' threats, and, if they do not, as a body they will righteously bear the penalty. We will venture, however, to predict that the warning will in all likelihood be efficacious, and that the stringency of Colonel GREVILLE's announcement will prove the means of preventing the shedding of blood. And, if so, who shall say that its severity was misplaced?

#### STATE EDUCATION FOR THE MIDDLE CLASSES.

MR. ARNOLD, under the inappropriate title of *A French Eton*, has lately published a very interesting dissertation on the system of secondary instruction in France, and on the advisability of copying the system in England. He gives a minute and graphic account of the Lyceum of Toulouse, which he takes as a fair specimen of the sort of provision made in France for the education of the middle classes. The Lyceum has from three to four hundred scholars, partly boarders and partly day-scholars. A boarder pays for his whole board and instruction in the lowest division 32*l.* a year, in the second division 34*l.*, in the highest division 36*l.* Every boarder brings with him an outfit valued at 20*l.*; but the sum paid for his board and instruction covers, besides, all expense for keeping good his outfit, and all charges for washing, medical attendance, books, and writing materials. In point of instruction, the boys, when young, are made to divide their time principally between learning French and learning Latin. As they grow older, they add Greek; and the highest class is divided into two, the rhetoric and the philosophy class—the former studying Pindar, Thucydides, Lucan, and Molière, the latter chemistry, physics, and the higher mathematics; the boys being attached to one or the other according to the requirements of their future callings. The whole institution is admirably managed, and the teaching is good of its sort, although the ideal of French education is so widely different from the ideal of English education that probably an English critic might have faults to find with it. Mr. Arnold calls this Lyceum a French Eton, apparently because it has no resemblance to Eton whatever. It is, in fact, because it has no resemblance to Eton that he thinks it well worth studying. For, as he justly observes, the English public schools do admirably for those who go to them. There may be faults here and there, but they are excellent institutions, and admirably adapted for the sons of English gentlemen. But then, in England, though there are the public schools, there is nothing else. There is no good education of a public nature to be found for those whose parents cannot afford to send them to a public school. There is nothing like a Lyceum, with a good management and first-rate instruction, where a boy can be brought up and boarded, and have all his wants provided for, at a cost of less than 40*l.* a year. It is always invidious to speak of one set of persons as in the middle, and of another as in the upper, classes. In one sense, a man may belong to the middle, and in another to the upper classes, for in a society like that of England there is no sharp line that can be drawn. But for educational purposes, as Mr. Arnold very justly says, those persons may be said to belong to the middle classes who cannot afford to send their children to a public school, or who, if they have the means, will not do so because they do not wish them to get too fine for their homes. The class of persons who wish to have their sons well educated for 40*l.* a year is very large, but at present they cannot get what they want. There is no Toulouse Lyceum for them in England. But there easily might be, Mr. Arnold urges, if the State would but intervene here as it does in France.

The proposal deserves very serious consideration, and ought not to be hastily and contemptuously rejected on the plea that Englishmen wish to act for themselves, and do not want the State to act for them. In the first place, it is to be observed that the gospel of *laissez aller*, as Mr. Carlyle calls it, is not a particularly blessed gospel in the matter of middle-class education. The middle classes trust to the laws of supply and demand, and the laws of supply and demand fail to provide education that is at once good and cheap. Either the education is cheap and not good—as in the 20*l.* "Eligible and Christian Homes"—or it is good and soon ceases to be cheap, as has happened more especially at Marlborough. The vendors of education are private adventurers, and if they can supply a good article they are sure to charge for it.

Even the schools of the upper classes are not self-supporting. The public schools are all endowed, and in the case of Eton, where the richest boys go, the endowment is on a very large scale. It is true that the endowment of Eton is now superfluous, and, even if it did not exist, the masters would still see a pecuniary advantage in supplying juicy mutton at 200*l.* a year to 800 boys. But the public schools have risen into fame and wealth on the basis of their endowments, and, as no one is likely in these days to endow middle-class schools, a substitute might be found in a contribution made to their maintenance by the State. Probably, too, the expense would not be very great. Supposing there were fifty schools set up, each capable of educating five hundred boys, that would probably suffice amply for the wants of the middle classes, not only now, but for many years to come. When they were once established, it would be very possible to teach, board, and pay every expense, except perhaps that of clothing and travelling, for 40*l.* a year. But the buildings would be a burden which the establishments could not support, and it is these that must be found by the State. In return for this preliminary grant, the State would exercise the power of appointing at least the heads of the establishment, would constantly inspect the working of the system, and would prevent the absorption of the school under the influence of any one sect or party. It is evident that in this way some of the great obstacles to good middle-class education might be overcome. At present, the occupation of teaching at a school below the rank of the public schools is a very humble one, and only teachers of an inferior rank will give up their lives to it. They are the temporary servants of private persons, and, if they could teach well and did, they would probably provoke the jealousy of their employers, who would fear lest they should set up opposition-shops, and draw away the custom. But, if the teachers were teachers of a school founded, inspected, and, to a certain extent, managed by the State, they would partake of the dignity which State employment throws over all officials. Many very fair scholars, who would think it much beneath them to earn 200*l.* or 300*l.* a year as ushers in a grammar-school or in a private establishment, would be very glad to earn the same sum in State schools. Under the present Privy Council system, the applicants for the peculiar kind of itinerant serfdom called Assistant Inspectorships of schools are so numerous, and the qualifications required of them are so many, that there would be no reason to fear lest the supply of teachers should run short if once the occupation were looked on as honourable. The inspection which the State would exercise would also furnish a guarantee, and almost the only sufficient guarantee that can be imagined, for the continuance of a good system of management at the schools, and for the observance of a proper educational standard. The economy, too, which is so essential a part of the scheme, could be secured in no way so effectual as by the withdrawal of all motive from the managers to make the cost greater. If it were absolutely certain, as under the supervision of the State it might be, that the sum fixed for education was not to be exceeded, and that the managers were held responsible for there being no excess, the cost of the school would be fixed beyond all possibility of doubt. Lastly, these schools, if founded and superintended by the State, might be as neutral and as free from sectarian colouring as any institution in England can be. There must be some religion taught, and some religious observances practised. At the Lyceum there are three Catholic chaplains, and a sort of precarious provision is made for Protestant consciences. But the whole institution might be under a layman, and there might be many precautions taken, by the issue of general rules, against anything like the intrusion or triumph of party fanaticism.

There are also two remarks which Mr. Arnold makes, which deserve to be attentively weighed by any one who attempts to decide whether the State should help in the education of the middle classes or not. In the first place, the education of these classes is of great political importance. If they could but be brought under the influence of liberal teaching, many of their characteristic errors and shortcomings would pass away. That they are not fit to govern as they are, in spite of all arguments about claims to the suffrage, is the opinion of every one who dispassionately studies what government in England means. It would be a terrible misfortune if their favourite ideas, their Puritanism, their distrust of unbiassed thought, their crude dogmatism on foreign affairs, were made the most powerful agents in determining the policy of England. But if they could be liberalised, if learning the ingenious arts could soften their manners, and not suffer them to be fierce, then they could offer a very valuable contribution to the government of the country. Their numbers, their industry, their freedom from the affectations and pretensions of higher society, might enable them to work with energy and courage in directions where the upper classes, fond as they are of direct political action, are inclined to be negligent or indifferent. In the next place, there is much truth in Mr. Arnold's observation, that there is no absolute and self-demonstrating certainty in the proposition that the State should not help the individual, but should leave him to act for himself. In some cases it is very advantageous that the State should interfere, and there have been instances in very recent times where a new interference of the State has been amply justified by subsequent experience. The Factory Acts were passed in contravention of the prevailing maxim, that employer and labourer should be left to settle their own bargains, and now even those who were once the bitterest opponents

of the Factory Acts recognise their utility. The intervention of the State, again, may be dangerous at one stage of political history and innocent at another. There are now many checks on official interference which there used not to be. We could allow the State to take a part in public education, and yet fix what that part should be, and enforce a rigid adherence to that part alone. If schools for the middle classes were set up, the scheme would be thoroughly discussed in Parliament, rules would be framed for the management which would be submitted to Parliament, and boundless publicity in every county would ensure that these rules were adhered to. When we consider the class to which the scholars would belong, their love of petty grievances, the delight with which they engage in a war with an official, and the intense interest with which they study publications so uninviting as county newspapers, it might almost be feared that the great impediment to the good working of the schools would be found in the interference, not of the Government, but of the public.

It is no objection to such a proposal as that made by Mr. Arnold that no measure of the kind could be immediately carried through Parliament. We should lose the benefit of the most fruitful suggestions if we at once measured their value by the impression they would make on the House of Commons. It is only after they have been discussed by persons who have not got to act in any way on them, after they have been examined in every possible light, and after they have gradually made their way, that legislation on the basis they offer can be attempted. That the State should aid the middle classes by founding and superintending good cheap schools where a liberal education should be given, is a very fertile suggestion, and there are many important points on which light might be thrown if the suggestion were seriously and candidly discussed. But it would be foolish to underrate the magnitude of the two great difficulties that stand in the way of Mr. Arnold's proposal. In the first place, there is the religious difficulty, and in England religious difficulties are serious things. The Protestant Dissenters would create one difficulty, and all the other outlying sects would create another. In France there is no difficulty of the kind felt, or, if any is felt, it is speedily overruled by the strong hand of a centralized despotism. The Protestant Dissenters would not like that the school should be under the management of the Established Church, and they would therefore wish either that a certain proportion of the teachers should be Dissenters, or that a certain colourless system of religious teaching should be devised which would suit Churchmen and Dissenters alike. That there should be teachers capable of suiting the needs of every sect, or even of every main sect, would be impossible, and it would be very hard to arrange a form of worship and a course of instruction that Churchmen and Dissenters would approve of. And even if this were done, there would remain the Roman Catholics, the Jews, and all the other outlying sects. They certainly would not send their children at all, or would only send them in very exceptional cases. Thus a number of persons would be called on to pay taxes to help an institution by which, owing to their religious opinions, they could not profit; and it is very difficult, even if it is just, to carry a measure which entails a new pecuniary obligation on persons belonging to other religious communities than those that profit by it. Then, again, if the State is to help the middle classes simply because the middle classes do not know how to help themselves, a principle is introduced which would fill the British taxpayer with horror. The increase of the expenditure on philanthropic or administrative improvements is one of the great sorrows of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. Arnold's discussion of the claims which the individual may make on the State is the only weak part of his book. It is not that it would be humiliating for the middle classes to accept State aid; but, if they are to have it, all sorts of claimants with equally good titles would arise.

#### SHAKESPEARE AND CALVIN.

A FEW days ago there appeared in the *Times* a report of a Scotch sermon which must have given immense scandal to the Scotch, unless, indeed, their religious belief has undergone a change which may almost be called a revolution. The preacher, we are told, preached on the text, "Call no man your father upon the earth," and his sermon consisted of a fierce attack upon Calvin and a vehement panegyric upon Shakespeare. "Calvin no doubt was a great man, and there was a great amount of truth in his system, but Calvin was not only not Christ, but he had less of Christ about him than almost any Christian divine he could name. He was harsh, narrow, dogmatic, cold, cruel." Shakespeare was "a better representative of the Christian religion than Calvin. The one was a Jew of the stoniest type, the other a Christian of the noblest form. The one found evil in things good, the other a soul of goodness in things evil," and so on. Language like this, used in a Scotch church, may possibly be a mere personal eccentricity, but even if it is, such eccentricities have their causes. Men do not begin to fly in the face of all the traditions of their time and country until those traditions have begun to lose their power; and we may be very sure that, when a Scotch clergyman, even if he be anxious to make a sensation, takes that particular way of doing it, Scotch religious sentiment has undergone a deep change. If the change were exclusively Scotch, it would hardly be worth while to notice it. It is not a question of great importance to the world at large whether Calvin stands higher or lower in the opinion of the nation over which he ruled

so long and so harshly, but the change is general. It has gone quite as far in this country as elsewhere, and it is rapidly affecting the thoughts and language of nearly the whole community. The language of the sermon in question expresses it exactly—all the more exactly because it is of the order of decorated commonplace, the sort of matter which a popular preacher produces at the time when his serious friends begin to lament the distressing laxity of his views. Shakespeare is a better Christian than Calvin. It is more Christian to find a soul of goodness in things evil than to find evil in things good. What would be called by one class of popular writers "the great genial human heart" of Shakespeare is more Christian than the grim theology of Calvin. Nothing is more common in the present day than this vein. Mr. Bright opposes capital punishment partly on the ground that, if people are publicly hung, accidents will sometimes happen, and disgusting spectacles be exhibited, as was lately the case at Chester, and this is intolerable to any one who has any notions of Christianity. We are constantly told that the American war is anti-Christian, and the nickname of "War-Christians" is supposed to convey the bitterness of all taunts, and to impute to those whom it designates the most glaring of all inconsistencies. This kind of phraseology, which meets us at every turn, deserves examination. It is so boisterous, so pathetic, so unconscious of being open to any sort of retort—it brings in phrases like "our common Christianity," or "the religion of love and mercy," to round off contrasts, with such an air of self-confident though rather puerile rhetoric—that it challenges criticism. How far is it true? Is Christianity, or "our common Christianity," a religion of love and mercy?

What "our common Christianity" may be would be a very difficult inquiry. It is probably closely allied to that Christianity which high judicial authorities have declared to form part of the common law of England; and indeed, when examined carefully, the phrase will be found to mean no more than the aggregate of those pathetic sentiments which, in the state of public opinion for the time being, are generally associated with Christianity. In short, it is a mere rag of second-rate rhetoric. But what is Christianity itself when the words "our common" have been struck out? The proper meaning of Christianity is the aggregate of the doctrines, sentiments, habits of conduct, views of life, and casts of character which have, in point of fact, been associated with, and coloured by, the life and teaching of Jesus Christ and his disciples. If it be used in this sense, the meaning of the word is certainly indefinite enough; but it is perfectly plain, for the question whether the growth of a particular sentiment can be historically traced to the origin specified must always be one of fact, and must admit of a solution. For instance, in this sense, smoking tobacco is not a Christian practice, nor is the Newtonian system of astronomy, nor the penny postage. On the other hand, monasticism is Christian; the doctrines of the Greek, Roman, or Nestorian Churches are Christian; religious persecution is Christian. This does not imply either any censure on smoking tobacco or on the penny postage, or any approbation of monasticism or religious persecution. It is merely an assertion that, historically and in fact, a connexion of cause and effect can be traced between the existence of monasticism, theological dogmas, and religious persecution on the one hand, and the facts recorded in the four gospels on the other; whereas no such connexion can be traced between the facts recorded in the four gospels and the practice of smoking tobacco. Men would not have been Greeks, Romans, or Nestorians if those events had not happened. They would have smoked tobacco whether or not.

Of course this is not the common way of using the words "Christian" and "Christianity." They are generally meant to imply nothing more than a peculiar kind of moral compliment. When the Scotch preacher described Shakespeare as a better Christian than Calvin, he meant only to say, in an emphatic kind of way, that he was humane, charitable, and a lover of mankind; and that to be so is a good thing. He may perhaps have meant to assert, not only that such qualities are good, but that they are good qualities which would not have been acknowledged as such if the Sermon on the Mount had never been preached. If that was his meaning, the word was used correctly, although it is very doubtful whether the fact alleged or implied is true.

Using thus the word "Christian" in the more correct and definite sense assigned to it above, is it true to say that Shakespeare is more Christian than Calvin? As to Calvin's Christianity in this sense of the word, there can surely be no real doubt. His system may be, and certainly is, horrible in the extreme, but that it is historically deducible from the existence of the creed of the Gospels, and from the history of the Christian Church, is just as plain as it is that the Parliament now sitting is the representative of the body which passed Magna Charta. It is a commonplace now universally admitted to be true by every decently educated person, that Christianity was not in its first announcement a definite coherent system. It is obvious, one would suppose, to the most superficial reader, that, with but very few exceptions, the New Testament contains neither systematic morality nor systematic theology. The whole question of the nature of the relation between God and man is rather assumed than stated in the Gospels. Calvin did no more than put into a systematic shape, according to the lights of his day, and according to his own reflections, the teaching set forth in the New Testament in general terms. That it admits of being conceived as he conceived it is a fact about which there can be no doubt at all. The experience of many centuries proves it. It is altogether unfair to describe Calvin



as the "stoniest of Jews." In the first place (stoniness apart), if he were Jewish, it would not follow that he was not a Christian. The founder of Christianity and all his original disciples without exception were Jews, and the Old Testament is always recognised by the writers of the New Testament as supplying the foundation and, so to speak, the background of their writings.

But if Calvin deserves, in the strictest sense of the word, to be called Christian, can the same be said for Shakspeare, especially in regard to his general view of life and its affairs? Is the geniality (as it is called) of Shakspeare's views, is his extreme enjoyment of life in all its forms, is the indulgent sympathizing view of human nature which appears in all his plays, is his passionate sympathy with the splendid and chivalrous side of human life, in harmony with the general tone of the New Testament, or historically deducible from it? The source from which Shakspeare got his high spirits, his ardour, and his genial humour is obvious enough. The period at which he lived would seem, at least in this country, to have been one of the most cheerful and hopeful in the history of the world. It was a time of great discoveries, great thoughts, and a great and successful effort after every kind of progress. Whatever the reason may have been, he certainly did see the world *en beau*, and thoroughly indulged the lust of the eye, the lust of the flesh, and the pride of life. This is the very charm of his writings; but did he learn this from Christianity? If so, from what part of it? He certainly did not learn it from that mediæval creed which inspired the *Inferno*—a Christian poem, beyond all doubt. Nor did he learn it from Calvin, whose death was contemporaneous with his own birth, and whose austere system was flourishing in full vigour throughout the whole of his life. Shakspeare's plays convey rather the impression that the controversies of his day led him to leave on one side the restraints of definite creeds of all kinds, and to take an artistic, enjoying, sympathetic view of human life altogether apart from theology, not to say alien to it. There is in his writings much more nature than grace.

It is of course open to Scotch clergymen, or to any one else, to admire this state of mind, and, if they please, to prefer it to Christianity; but they ought to call things by their right names. Christianity has been before the world in a great variety of shapes for more than eighteen hundred years, and it may be confidently said that all its more prominent and energetic forms have recognised and do recognise the dark side of things, and attach due, and in some cases exaggerated, weight to them. Something in the nature of a hell there must always be in any creed which mankind will care for. Put Christianity altogether on one side, and fall back, if you will, on atheism pure and simple. Surely that is gloomy enough. It is, in fact, so gloomy and so fatal to all that human beings as such care for, that, rather than go altogether without a creed, men will invent the vilest superstitions and frighten themselves with the most hideous phantoms created by their own minds. Step from atheism to deism, and, though part of the cloud is removed and room is gained for hopes of a future and better life, the existence of moral and physical evil is still a problem which, if not insoluble, admits only of a terrible solution. Pass from deism to any positive theology, and you are met at every step by hell-fire. Turn, in short, where you will, and your religion must have a dark side. Dismiss the subject from your mind, and it becomes the skeleton in the closet. It is far better to take the measure of the gloomy side of life and make the best of it than to label everything that looks good-natured with the word "Christianity."

#### HISTORICAL PARALLELS.

PEOPLE are sometimes inclined to think that all historical parallels are in their own nature misleading, because they are in their own nature imperfect. It is certain that no historical parallel can ever be quite exact. No event in history can ever exactly reproduce any earlier event. Besides the diversities of countries, times, and men's manners, which are sure to hinder the full perfection of the parallel, the mere fact that the one is a later event and the other an earlier prevents the later from exactly reproducing the earlier. But all this shows only that we should be careful in drawing out our parallels, and that we should mark the points of contrast as well as the points of likeness. Indeed, without marking the points of contrast it is impossible fully to understand the points of likeness. The real object of drawing historical parallels at all is to mark out clearly the real unity of history—that is, the unity of human nature, under every variety of external circumstances; to recognise, in short, real identity under a superficial veil of unlikeness. The easiest and most obvious parallel, that in which the outward circumstances bear the closest resemblance, is by no means necessarily the closest in essential reality. The science of historical comparison is something like the science of etymology. The scientific etymologist knows very well that the obvious outward likeness or unlikeness between two words is no guide at all to their real connexion or diversity. The chances are that two words which seem absolutely identical in sound or look have nothing to do with one another. The real connexion is commonly to be found between words which to the uninitiated seem to be poles asunder. The historical philosopher will, in the same way, be on his guard against being led away by mere accidental and superficial likenesses, and against refusing to recognise real analogies because a veil of incidental unlikenesses makes them less obvious to the uninitiated eye.

Now, when we speak either of the imagining of false analogies or of the refusal to recognise true ones, we are not in either case speaking of mere ignorant blunders or of mere interested inventions. We are not thinking of the sort of tomfoolery which has gone on in France for the last eighty years. The identification of modern Frenchmen, sometimes with Romans, sometimes with Germans, sometimes with Normans, is of course interested invention on one side, invincible ignorance on the other. Consulates and Empires and Plebiscites, pratings about the "Via Sacra," and displays of the Bayeux Tapestry, reunions and revindications, claims to Alpine slopes and frontiers of the Rhine—we know all about them; we know how intensely ridiculous they would be, if experience had not shown them to be so intensely mischievous. Nor are we thinking of the mere misuse of words by ignorant people who like to talk on stilts, as, for instance, when the newspapers call a diplomatic Conference the *Areopagus* of Europe. We are thinking of cases in which really clever but superficial men, speaking or writing about history without having acquired the true historic faculty, have either seized recklessly on a false analogy or have been hindered by some mere incidental point of unlikeness from recognising a true one.

The temptation either way is great. When an apparent parallel is very obvious and is capable of being put in a brilliant and taking light, there is a great temptation to rush at it at once and trumpet it forth as a grand and striking analogy. The temptation is of course doubled if any general political dogma, any proposition convenient to any particular party at any particular moment, can be at all plausibly deduced from the supposed analogy. When a man has got hold of some supposed analogy which he thinks proves something about America, or France, or Poland, or whatever happens to be uppermost for the moment—something which enables him to combine an air of learning with an air of practical sagacity—he naturally struts about in the exaltation of a twofold delight. Even when there is no such practical result to be hoped for, when the discovery and the credit of the discovery are both purely literary, there is something specially fascinating in the discovery of analogies. It brings out the pleasure of recognition, the feeling which students of Aristotle know very well as expressed by the formula *roûte icivo*. On the other hand, there is a satisfaction, less amiable perhaps, but quite as fascinating in its own way, in finding out the supposed weak points of an analogy which is suggested by another. And as, in the other case, it is specially tempting to suggest analogies which seem to combine learning with practical sagacity, so in this case there is a special charm in exposing the weak points, or supposed weak points, of an analogy, if the process can at all assume the air of practical sagacity reproving the shortcomings of mere learning. There is something specially grand, when a mere scholar suggests some analogy between one age and another or between one country and another, for the experienced man of the world to upset it off-hand by mentioning some obvious point of unlikeness, which of course it is assumed both by speaker and listeners that the mere scholar either had never heard of or had failed thoroughly to understand. We think we could find instances in which both these processes go on together. To decry learning when it is convenient and to make a hollow display of learning when it is convenient, inconsistent as the two things may seem with each other, may safely be practised side by side. Each trick tells at the moment; and, so long as a thing tells at the moment when it is wanted, it does not matter whether what told a moment ago contradicts what tells at the present moment. We will not, however, just now heap together examples of processes which by this time our readers can probably find out for themselves, as they doubtless know in what quarter they may look for them with the best hope of success. We are now thinking rather of fallacies of both kinds where the error is purely literary, where there is no political object and no ulterior object at all, but where clever men, who have looked at the outside of a subject without going deeply into it, have, naturally and pardonably enough, sometimes imagined analogies which do not exist, and sometimes refused to see analogies which to the instructed eye are perfectly plain.

Let us take a case which we may possibly have some time or other mentioned before, but which, if it be so, is so instructive that the story will quite bear telling twice. We remember once hearing it said that there could be no real analogy between the condition of ancient Athens and that of any modern European State, that no real instruction as to the one could be drawn from the experience of the other, because printing, so familiar and so important in the one state of things, was wholly unknown in the other. Now this is just the sort of fallacy which is sure to tell. It seizes on a very obvious, but still very real and important, point of external difference; it pays homage on the road to the progress and enlightenment of modern times; and it sets forth by implication what a pitiful, unpractical creature a mere scholar is who utterly fails to realize the prodigious importance of the daily newspaper. But the best thing about it is that the point of unlikeness hit upon implied forgetfulness or non-appreciation, not only of real points of likeness, but of a most important point of unlikeness. There is a real and deep difference between the two periods which the man who hit upon printing as the most obvious point utterly overlooked. What is printing? Simply the quickest and most convenient mode of writing for public purposes. Printing and writing are essentially the same thing; one is merely an improved form of the other. The gap between printing and writing is doubtless considerable, but it is nothing compared to the gap between writing and no writing. Of all the external differences

between the political life of an old Greek republic and that of a modern European free State, none is more important than the little use made of writing in the former. The Athenians were a seeing and hearing much more than a reading public; their intellectual improvement was drawn, not from books, but from the speeches of orators, the recitations of poets, the performance of the great master-pieces of tragedy and comedy. Writing was an art still in its infancy; its materials were costly and difficult to use; it was employed not, as now, for every purpose of every moment, but mainly for the preservation of official records and of works which, when sung or recited, were the delight of the general public, but which in their written form appealed only to a select few. This is a real and important difference, before which the presence or absence of printing becomes a mere question of degree. In fact, the invention of printing to multiply copies of a work faster than could be done by the pen was really of hardly more importance than the earlier substitution of paper for parchment, or that of parchment for brass, wax, wood, leaves, mutton-bones, and other strange and clumsy kinds of writing-materials. The difference then between printing and no printing, though no doubt a difference to be pointed out, and a difference having considerable results, in no way goes to the root of the matter. It is simply part of a wider and deeper difference. But even this wider and deeper difference is purely external; it in no way hinders the essential analogy. It is indeed closely connected with another important difference. It does not spring from, but it goes alongside of, the distinction between the representative assemblies of modern Europe and the primary assemblies of old Greece. The representative system was not thought of, simply because, in such small commonwealths, it was not wanted. The same causes hindered the necessity for improvements in the still infant art of writing from being very keenly felt. In a small commonwealth in a warm climate every man could see and hear everything for himself. Here, then, are several important points of contrast which no one who draws a parallel between the two periods ought to forget. But none of them at all affects the essential analogy. Any two free States, any two States where public affairs are freely discussed and freely voted on, have an essential resemblance to each other, and each supplies matter of instruction alike for the scholars and for the statesmen of the other. Whether a State be great or small, whether its constitution be monarchic or republican, whether its assembly be primary or representative, whether discussion be carried on in a spoken, a written, or a printed form, are all external points of difference, most important indeed, and carefully to be considered in drawing any parallel, but still in no way destroying a resemblance which is more essential than any of them.

This was a comparatively innocent case, because no attempt was made to draw any immediate political inference. Our example of the opposite fault shall be one more innocent still—one merely involving a false notion of past history, without directly affecting any present interest. We say directly, because experience tells us that historical errors which seem perfectly speculative at the moment and then lead to practical results which no one would have looked for. Therefore, though a false view of any historical point may seem to be purely harmless, we can never be quite certain that it may not some day be turned about and used to support the most unpleasant political consequences. However, our immediate specimen seems for the present harmless enough. We once read in an historical essay displaying some knowledge and some cleverness a comparison between the state of England in the eleventh century and that of France in the tenth. We were told that the great Earls of England played the same part as the great Dukes and Counts of France, and the so-called "usurpation" of Harold was likened to the so-called "usurpation" of Hugh Capet. Here is a strong and very taking apparent resemblance, one almost sure to lead astray any one who does not look a good way below the surface. But if one thinks at all about it, it is easy to see that the resemblance of position between the two countries is like the resemblance of position between two men who should meet at York, one going from London to Edinburgh and the other from Edinburgh to London. England in the eleventh century was advancing from disunion to union; France in the tenth century was advancing from union to disunion. Granting that the English Earls exactly answered to the French Dukes—and they did answer nearly enough for the same words to be used to express their offices—the English Earls were passing from independent princes into royal governors, while the French Dukes were passing from royal governors into independent princes. In such processes there must be a point where the two coincide, just as there is necessarily a point where the up and the down train meet. Granted that an Earl of Northumberland answered exactly to a Duke of Normandy, the Earl was the successor of the independent Kings who had reigned not so very long before, while the Duke was the successor of whatever Imperial officer may have borne a delegated rule in that corner of the Empire. But in truth the two offices were not exactly the same. A French Duke was strictly a sovereign prince, who at most paid the King the compliment of formal homage as an external superior. An English Earl, though his powers were larger than can be safely entrusted to a subject, though there was a strong tendency to make the son succeed to his father's office, was still essentially a subject. He was a magistrate appointed by the King and his Witan, and liable to be deposed by the authority which appointed him. The King of the French kept his County of Laon or Paris in his own hands; otherwise there would have

been no corner of his Kingdom where he exercised any real dominion. The King of the English, as the undoubted master of the whole land, appointed a subordinate governor over Wessex, the cradle of his dynasty, just as much as over the comparatively recent acquisition of Northumberland. France had no sort of union whatever except the nominal homage due by each prince to the King. In England, the great men of every portion of the realm habitually came together in the national councils. In short, the apparent likeness, taking as it is at first sight, breaks down at once when we come to examine it in any sort of detail.

The examples which we have quoted are not quoted as specially gross or unpardonable ones. In both there is a certain plausibility, and in the second a certain ingenuity is combined with it. Of the grosser and more pretentious sort of blunder of this kind our readers can soon gather examples for themselves out of even a very slight examination of the popular literature of the day.

#### THE TALENT OF LOOKING LIKE A FOOL WITH PROPRIETY.

AMONG the more recondite talents which grow out of an artificial state of society and the necessities of self-protection, perhaps the most rare, yet the most valuable—the most subtle and impalpable, yet that which a sensitive man must prize above rubies and pearls when needed—is the talent of looking like a fool with propriety. To look like a fool is not naturally becoming. Indeed, it might be classed as one of those things which are essentially unbecoming both in man and beast. He is fortunate who never in his life, with or without fault of his own, has felt like a fool. But how a man looks when he feels so is probably the most penetrating test of what he is made of. A man, we are told, had rather be thought a knave than a fool; and perhaps this may be true of the average of men. But, if it is true, it measures the difficulty of looking like a fool with such decency as the thing admits of when thrust upon one. We commend it as a very curious subject, to any ingenious Academician in quest of curious subjects—to Mr. Millais or Mr. Leighton for instance—to paint Socrates' expression of face as he walked in the streets of Athens on that famous and immortal day when Xantippe had publicly emptied the contents of a certain utensil upon her lord the philosopher's head. Did he bow his head a little more, or a little less, than usual? Was there ever so little more pride in his carriage—or ever so little more humility? When directly speaking of the ludicrous event, it would no doubt be easier to suit some natural action and expression to his conversation. But in the helpless and unsupported moments of blank, yet all-absorbing consciousness, what did he then assume to look? Did he look scornful, and proud, and defiant? Did he look humble, and meek, and resigned? Was he placid or troubled, annoyed or serene, plunged in thought or bathed in philosophic smiles? Did he affect to laugh—did he affect to scowl? And how ought he to have looked? What would have been the ideal artistic expression of the best and highest kind under his circumstances? Would propriety, in her poetic perfection, have demanded that he should veil his presence on that particularly nasty day, and retire from the gaze of his fellow-creatures? Or, finally, would an apparently absolute unconsciousness, a perfect absence of all outward mark, sign, or trace whatsoever of the absurd and melancholy accident which had befallen him, be the highest attainable point in the practice of manners to which the philosopher could attain? Certainly, whatever other purposes his philosophy might serve, its uses on such an occasion to such a man are a very fitting subject of speculation. And, to come to our own day, accidents are, from time to time, happening to different persons in society, which fall upon them as unawares as a flowerpot falling from the third story upon the head of the unwitting passenger—accidents which seem as if especially designed to lay bare their whole character, to try their temper and training, and to test whatever knowledge and experience of the world they may possess.

Apart from the particular case of Socrates, and looking at social disadvantages in the broadest possible view, it is interesting to consider what, in the abstract, is the general bearing we prefer to see in those who are either born to some permanent physical defect—such as lameness, or deformity of any kind—or involved in a cloud by family circumstances over which they have or have not any control, or who are overtaken by some of the thousand and one ridiculous accidents which fly about the world like rockets. How do most people like a humpback to carry his hump, or a lame girl to bear her lameness? How should a man behave before the world whose wife has run away, or whose parents, or children, or cousins have made fools of themselves? Or, again, considering more sudden emergencies, how should any one look and act who has suddenly sat down before a large assembly on an imaginary chair, or spilt a glass of champagne over the dress of the lady of the house; or whose private and confidential communications become public by some absurd and incomprehensible accident; or who suddenly finds himself exposed to absolute misrepresentations or downright lies; or whose intimate friends suddenly turn their backs upon him without any assignable reason? Of course there is a great difference between all these cases, yet they all have a similar element of discomfort in common, which tends to throw both observers and observed out of their accustomed grooves. Perhaps the most useful feeling to have in such cases is to be so profoundly imbued with one's own insignificance—and, indeed, with the com-



parative insignificance, except to a very few, of any one person, however great, in the world—as not to be overwhelmed by small mischances. With such an opiate it is easier to reduce one's action into approximate proportion to the real and substantive selfishness and indifference of all classes for all but class interests, and, therefore, for all individual mishaps. "Mr. So-and-so has broken his leg." "How very sad; but you know people *do* break their legs." "He will be lame for life." "Poor man, how very unfortunate. I suppose he will wear a wooden leg." And so on. The sun shines as brightly, the birds sing as sweetly, over the broken leg or the murdered traveller's bones as over the budding rose or the gentle violet. And the lesson which nature teaches of a sweet and sunny indifference is perhaps the highest ideal to which man, smarting under his own ills, can aspire. But then the indifference must be sweet and sunny, if it is to be pleasing. It must not be impudent and callous, or haughty and hobbledehoyish and ill-bred, or vain and grotesque and conceited, adding ridicule to ridicule. Of course it is very easy for any one to pretend to say what people's conduct under such and such circumstances ought or ought not to be. Many a poor wretch could write a very pathetic essay on all he could wish to look when he is to look like a fool—on the dignities and the graces, the proprieties and the decencies; but his beautiful theories, so far as he is concerned, may only act as a blazing light thrown, for his own especial benefit, on his abortive efforts to carry them out.

To give a list of possible accidents would be in a manner to catalogue the unforeseen. We can only choose random illustrations. There is the case—which made a great impression on us in our younger days—of the refined lady and county magnate who was as good a manager in her household as she was refined, polished, and particular in her drawing-room. Those were the good olden times. This model lady kept all the preserves under lock and key, including, of course, the currant jelly. On a great gala day, when venison, as the penny-a-liners say, graced the dinner-table, the jelly was not forthcoming. Upon this the lady beckoned a tall and handsome footman standing by, and whispered an inquiry. The footman was new to his work, and, by some fatal misconception of the duties of a footman to the world and to himself, thought proper to give his answer in a loud sonorous voice. The answer was:—"Please, mum, Mrs. Botts say she han't got none." The lady had forgotten to give the housekeeper the keys, and had them in her own pocket. Now here was a crucial test of ultimate high breeding and high feeling. An ordinary stuck-up woman would have been consumed with shame and anguish. To rise above the trumpery though most provoking accident, to fall easily and gracefully into the joke of the situation, to laugh genuinely, without affectation, and yet with a mixed good-natured concern for the delay occasioned to her guests, instantly and unconsciously revealed the true nature of the person. There is another story, also authentic, of a very beautiful girl who, having lost a front tooth in a fall, wore a false one, which she dropped one day by accident during dessert at a dinner-party. An intimate friend, with the omniscient eye peculiar to some women, saw the accident, and instantly dropping her ring engaged the men in finding it while the poor child, in an agony of suspense, recovered her tooth and replaced it unobserved. So far the trial was averted, but we may fairly speculate upon her position if she had not recovered her tooth. Suddenly to drop a front tooth is no trifle. A girl must be a very heroic girl who would be able, without note, warning, or preparation, to laugh off such an exposure with a sunny, sweet, unconcerned indifference, or without a wretched affectation that would bewray itself. Then, again, there is the case of the lady—very plebeian-looking, though a thorough lady—who, being invited to dinner, on presenting herself was mistaken by the footman for a cook, and desired to sit down in the hall. In due time she found her way to the dinner-table, and the footman, amazed and dumbfounded at his mistake, thought proper to make her an elaborate apology in a long and confidential whisper. In this case history has a melancholy but not unnatural sequel to record. The lady blushed—not unseen, but amid the general astonishment—and broke into an agony of perspiration. "My dear fellow," said an old and intimate college friend to another, looking down from the balcony of St. James's Hall over the crowd of bonnets below, "do just take the trouble to count in the second block, far away in that corner of the room, the sixth and seventh places of the eighth row; there are two of the most astonishing figures I ever beheld in my life; you must look at them—one looks so like a cook, and the other so like a housemaid." "I see them," his friend answered very quietly; "the cook is my aunt, and the housemaid is my cousin." Of course his was the more triumphant position of the two for a moment. Yet neither of the two friends could wish to claim his seeming triumph. Both, in different ways, were suddenly and unexpectedly made to look like fools. It so happened that, in this instance, both men thoroughly enjoyed the joke. But it is possible to conceive circumstances under which the position of each would have been absolutely excruciating. And what is noteworthy in incidents so trivial and worthless in themselves is, so to speak, their tremendous and perfectly incalculable explosive power. An incident of this sort falls in the midst of the ordinary routine of life much in the manner of a shell. Deeper enmities, more lasting consequences, and more intense discomfort may arise from a ridiculous mishap of this kind than from downright plotting and mischief-making with malice aforethought. People, indeed, rebel against the fatality; they try to steel

themselves against the ridicule which suddenly covers them; they argue with might and main that the thing is too absurd for a second thought; they strive, with both hands as it were, to replace all circumstances *in statu quo*, as if nothing had happened. But the fact is there; the thing is done; the veil is lifted; the hidden is revealed, as by lightning in the night, and the impression remains. The accidents we have mentioned do not touch men's honour, or their character; but we cannot omit all mention of those cases in which folly is, or is supposed to be, mixed up with actual crime, or with the breach of some one of the rules which the world punishes by social ostracism. Even if, as is frequently the case, the offence is subsequently condoned, still, while the remembrance of it lasts, the offenders will remain marked men or women—at all events in their own estimation. A man may have passed not unscathed through the fire of pecuniary troubles, or may have been guilty of breach of promise of marriage, or may have committed the folly of marrying out of his station, or a thousand other things. In all such cases, even long after the offences are forgiven, times and seasons will occur when those who are pardoned may still be doomed to look on a sudden like fools under the effect of a most casual and undesigned remark or incident; and perhaps to them, above others, the talent of being able to look like a fool with propriety is of the greatest value.

We have said that a man's philosophy is best tried by his being made to look like a fool. But perhaps his philosophy would rather help him to console himself than to control his outward expression. To be able to console oneself for wearing rags and tatters is one thing; to wear them like a gentleman is another. The former is the man's philosophy; the latter is rather his art. No doubt the two may be connected; but it is possible to imagine a man perfectly resigned in his own heart to look a fool, yet wearing his calamity with the utmost grotesqueness, arising from his misconception of the outer world and of other people's thoughts. Every day we see people who have tumbled accidentally into a ridiculous plight, and who, by their affectations, make it infinitely more ludicrous. On the other hand, to be truly resigned is the first step to keeping one's head cool and acting with common sense. But to keep a cool and clear head, to see distinctly through the hot vapours of wrath and shame under the sudden infliction of unmerited or unexpected ridicule, requires a very penetrating perception, a sense of the general indifference and neutrality of the outer world, a delicate plasticity to disengage oneself from oneself, the faculty of looking down one's own backbone and all round oneself, so to speak, as if surveying an indifferent stranger. The man who finds himself in a ridiculous position, and instantly asks himself, "What should I think if So-and-so, for whom I do not care a straw, were in the same fix, and how should I expect him to act under it?" has gone a long way towards protecting himself from any unnecessary consequences of his disagreeable position. As a rule, women, although they do not bear being ridiculed so well as men, bear much better than men being placed in a ridiculous position. We should almost be tempted to say that women cannot be made to look like fools at all. They are externally so much more natural than men; they fall so much more easily, like cats, upon their feet; they have such a curious and happy knack (as a rule, for of course there are exceptions) of laughing a ridiculous position off, such a gracious and beautiful power of perfect hypocrisy; they are so plastic, so passive, and, below their outward animation, so impassive; they so seldom know, or will know, when they are beaten, and they are such adepts at turning wormwood into nectar whenever they have to drink it, that we can only propose woman as man's best example when suddenly called upon to look like a fool.

#### THE LAST OF THE IONIAN PROTECTORATE.

FOR the first time, probably, since the days of Sir Thomas Maitland, the name of England appears to be popular with the Ionians, if that is the name by which the Greek islanders of the Adriatic are still to be called. England, as a protecting Power, has resided among them for half a century. Under the peculiar conditions of the treaties of Vienna, she has ruled, or tried to rule, them to the best of her ability; now with the arbitrary but honest despotism of a sturdy Tory guardian, now with the conscientious and pedantic liberalism of a Whig constitution-monger; sometimes with the inappropriate cleverness of governing by party, according to English Parliamentary traditions, sometimes with well-intentioned passive amiability; alternately *fortiter* and *suaviter* in manner, and drifting about without any definite plan or firm purpose *in re*. The nature of her Lord High Commissioners has been no less weak and no more perfect than that of average humanity; yet, among the whole decade (including Mr. Gladstone) of those who have successively sat upon that thorny seat, it is probable that every one has been actuated by a sincere desire to make the best of a difficult position, and to do the best for the interests of the people to whom he was commissioned. Few of them have escaped without falling into some trap carefully laid for English foibles of one kind or another by the subtlety of Ionian confidants or intriguers. Impolitic blunders and acts of gross personal injustice have at times been perpetrated under the shadow of the Lord High Commissioner's authority, and been sanctioned by his superiors at home. But the government of the Seven Islands since 1815 has, without doubt, been upon the whole far, very far, better, not only than any which the Ionians had been accustomed to under Venice, Russia, or France, but than

any which the Ionians could have given themselves. It has been in the main honest, as far as the Ionians would allow it to be so. In all directions of material progress—in the making of roads, lighthouse, bridges, and other public works—it has given the islands in perpetuity the anatomical foundation, as it has conferred upon them for the time the outward show and varnish, of a civilized prosperity. It has educated a pretty general respect for legal right and order, and promoted a certain friendliness of relations between antagonistic classes, where the Venetian régime had left a deeply-rooted corruption, and a chaos of lawlessness and vindictive hates. It has attempted to cure the evils of a general insolvency by the sharp remedies of Encumbered Estates Acts, too caustic for Ionian taste and moral courage to endure, and has palliated them by the spread of English comfort and capital. But it has never been popular, even in the moments when it has most weakly striven for popularity, and, however long it might have lasted, it probably never would have been. Of late years any genuine attachment to the English Government has been too unfashionable or too obnoxious to the malevolence of demagogues to be publicly avowed above the breath, and the mere reputation of being a professed and moderate friend of the Protectorate has, by a wonderful inversion of logic, been twisted, even in debates of the English Parliament, into a proof of corrupt unconstitutional iniquity. The protecting Power has proffered year after year its temperate message of good-will and common sense to the Ionian Assembly, to be met only by the virulent abuse of mob-led and mob-leading orators, and the still louder execrations of the most irresponsible press in the world; while, through the whole Continent of Europe, it has been tacitly assumed to be exercising over the Ionians a sternly repressive military despotism. But now that the minority of the Ionian people has been terminated by a solemn act of emancipation, their outward popular temper has been considerably modified. Heptanesus is either coming of age or marrying, and she is willing to forgive and forget all past grievances against her late guardian. Even the latest annoyance, the destruction of the fortifications of Vido, is not to be remembered against us, since the flag that floated over Vido has also ceased to float over the citadel of Corfu. In the eyes of the Ionians, nothing in our protectorate has become us like our leaving it.

The municipal Council of Corfu, "under the influence of the unspeakable joy which it experiences in this memorable change of its destiny at the moment of its entering a new career of national existence, cannot without emotion witness" the departure of the regiments composing the English garrison, "and leave unexpressed the sentiments of sympathy that it entertains for the great nation" to which they belong. It adjures the "valiant sons of England," as free citizens of a free nation, not to be indignant at the exuberant joy of a people passing from foreign protection to national liberty, and not to suppose that hyperbole of gladness to be in any way connected with the departure of the British soldiery, which "affects exceedingly" the municipalities and people of the islands that have known the red-coat so long. In a concluding aspiration, which is gracefully turned, and which we hope both parties may have felt to be sincere, the municipal Council bids the "brave sons of England" farewell. "Forget, as we do, whatever may tend to mar our mutual love. Love us, as we love you, and desire that we may imitate your national virtues." Nothing could be more handsome or more mutually satisfactory. It is a fact of odd significance, that the Regent of Corfu, who, as the head of the municipality, is the first to subscribe his name to this effusive document, is the very man who five years ago was the object of general odium among his countrymen as the involuntarily disclosed author of the secret scheme foisted upon Sir John Young for the conversion of Corfu into a British colony, which was brought to light by the escape of Mr. Wellington Guernsey just before Mr. Gladstone's mission. The Major-general commanding the valiant sons of England about to embark from Corfu was happily equal to echoing the sentiments of the address in a suitable reply, in which, with a fine touch of irony, he enumerated, as useful and worthy models for imitation, some national English virtues which the Ionians have not hitherto sedulously practised. The whole of the ceremonies attending the embarkation of the Lord High Commissioner and the transfer of military and civil authority appear to have been marked with a similar spirit of friendliness, occasionally overflowing into gushes of personal sentiment visible to the naked eye of observant newspaper correspondents. The *Times*' reporter gives, in one clear touch of an overheard conversation, the mixture of popular feeling in the Ionian crowd, as, under the Hellenic salute from the guns of the citadel we had just evacuated, the last British guard was rowed from the shore. "*Son buona gente!*" says the staid old Corfiote with a dash of regretful memory in his tone. "*Adesso siamo liberi!*" mutters the young Corfiote as he sucks his cigar, for the like of which he will hereafter pay duty to support a national guard, not a foreign protector.

The thing is done, and for ever. We have no more Ionian Islands to protect, and no more to give away. And as it was to be done, it is well that it should have been gone through with a decorous display of sentiment and harmony on all sides. It is as well that the archives of Septinsular history, by the side of so many voluble protests against English tyranny, should contain one recorded tribute to our "noble" behaviour and our national virtues, as elaborate and probably as sincere. It is as well that, with the courtesy of a great nation not particular to a trifle, we should burden our consuls in the East for some months longer with the office of protecting the few respectable and the many disreputable Ionians who fish in the troubled and muddy waters of

Levantine commerce, till the Government of Greece is sufficiently consolidated to attend to that ungrateful responsibility. And it is quite as well that the Ionians should both profess and feel an unspeakable and exuberant joy in the change of condition which they have so loudly called for, and on which they are now entering. The children who have pushed against the shut door of the temple of national liberty for so long would be but babies if, when it is suddenly flung open, they were, after all, afraid to enter in at it; and the Ionians are not babies. It is a work of supererogatory speculation now to inquire any longer into the question, which no British Minister has ever been able to fathom thoroughly while it was a practical one, how far the zeal of the Ionians for union with Greece has been real or factitious all along. It is unprofitable now to express a doubt whether, even at the last, if the question could have been fairly and leisurely submitted to them, the general sense of the people of Corfu would not have honestly preferred the continuance of their connexion with a flourishing civilized empire as denizens of a favoured and historical first-class stronghold, to sinking into an isolated outpost of the third-rate kingdom which they have adopted as their country. Nor is there much use in suggesting that, if the feeling for union was genuine, however shallow, its growth has been mainly the work of an illiterate, debased, and intriguing priesthood, incapable of appreciating or sympathizing with the moral growth and the deeper-rooted civilization which a longer continuance of the Protectorate might have brought to the flock of which they were the shepherds. These are questions of future interest for meditative Ionian philosophers alone. We have given them their professed wish, and relinquished a task in the performance of which our motives and our policy were habitually misunderstood. The red tape of the Colonial Office is henceforth to be used no longer in tying up despatches from an anomalous independent dependency; which is a great consolation for the makers and users of red tape. Sooner or later we suppose we shall be asked to recognise as a great truth the dogma that all colonial empire is anomalous alike, and to act accordingly.

It is not unnatural that foreign critics should have been as completely puzzled by our withdrawal from the Ionian Islands as they generally have been in error about the character of our protection. Though Albion may no longer be actively perfidious, it is difficult to believe that she has no egotistical *arrière-pensée*. To the cynical mind of M. Edmond About, it is quite clear that Great Britain has relinquished her Protectorate out of the most purely selfish motives of enlightened economy, just as she is reconstructing her navy to meet the improved deadlines of modern artillery. We had discovered that the fortresses of Corfu would have been no match in a maritime war for a hostile squadron of iron-clad frigates; and, upon a careful calculation of the cost, we found that it would be cheaper to sell the old material for a song than to have it remodelled and ironplated, or to run the ruinous risk of having a garrison caught there in a condition of superannuated indefensibility. So we sold it, with its incumbrances, for the song of gratitude which the municipality of Corfu has sung so cheerfully. If M. About's complimentary conviction were well-founded, we need hardly have incurred the odium and the expense of blowing up so much of the defences, inapplicable as they had become to modern first-class warfare.

When the Ionians have had time to look round on their own history in a spirit of criticism not less calm and more just than that shown by the author of *Le Progrès* (if they ever have time so to look round), they will be more inclined to do right to their late protectors than they are now, when a long volley of exuberant abuse has just culminated into a trill of exuberant sympathetic joy. Now that they have, for the first time, found out how little it costs us to deliver them over to their own devices, and with what equanimity we can bid them God-speed and offer help in their new career, they may learn more truly how much they owe to England, and how little they have repaid her. We unaffectedly desire that they may have leisure and material ease enough to look well to themselves, and to the weaknesses with which we have left them still frail—that they may govern and civilize their own minds and homes, instead of wildly grasping at an intangible ambitious idea. They can do us no greater kindness than that of showing, by resolute self-sacrifice, quiet honest labour, and moral courage, that at the date of their emancipation they were fitter to leave the mild restraint of the British schoolmaster than their noisy vanity of demeanour has made them appear to be. If they will pay us in this coin, we can easily forgive them for having dispossessed us of the easements of our trust estate in the enjoyment of their exquisite olive and myrtle woods, their gorgeous sea and mountain scenery, the pleasantest shooting and the prettiest yachting in the world. If they and their fellow-citizens of the mainland should still prove bent upon being a great nation abroad before they are a civilized and good little people at home, they will cause themselves trouble and failure, and us some penitent regret. We should be sorry to find that, by a precipitate and unnecessary abnegation of our trust, we had altogether squandered the Ionians' opportunity and our own.

#### THE NEGRO FOUND OUT.

THERE has been one result of the American civil war which was perhaps never anticipated by either of the belligerents. The negro has been revealed in all his peculiar characteristics to the searching scrutiny of American and European criticism. The



Federal philanthropist who fights the South for an idea, and the English philanthropist who sympathizes with the North, have each had opportunities of watching the daily habits and innate disposition of a race previously unknown save through exaggerated description or fanatical tradition. The Northerner has had opportunities of studying the African mind as a conqueror and a settler on estates long cultivated by negro labour; the Englishman, as a newspaper correspondent, as a speculator, or a spectator. And we suspect that both have been equally surprised at the object of their contemplation, and their own consequent change of opinion. We ought, perhaps, to limit this change of opinion to the Englishman alone. The abolitionism of the Northerner was generally a political profession rather than a personal instinct. To gratify the claims of faction, his philanthropy ignored the degradation of those sullen, downcast, and uninteresting Pariahs whom his compatriots have driven successively down the scale of inferior industries until the meanest and dirtiest kind of the meanest and dirtiest work is alone left for them to do. It wandered beyond the narrow by-streets of New York and Philadelphia to the distant savannahs of Georgia and the cotton-fields of the Mississippi. It postponed what was present, obvious, and near, to that which was distant, unknown, and out of sight. It had tears and sighs, indignation and declamation, for the "plantation hand" of the Carolinas; but it had neither thought nor pity for the wretched outcast whom Celtic passion and German prejudice had, in the great cities of the free North, driven from the plane and the trowel to the pantry and the coach-box, and again from the coach-box and the pantry to the barber's shop, to the oyster-shop, and to the most ignoble vassalage in the lowest haunts of vice. We hear great nonsense talked in England about the American war and the anti-slavery sentiments of the Federal leaders. The whole thing is a gross fraud. Not one in a hundred of the Northerners—perhaps not one in ten hundred—cares, or ever has cared, for the negro in the "man and brother" sense of the word. Putting aside some Massachusetts men—to whom he has, out of sheer perverseness, become an object of intense and anxious solicitude—the rest of the Federal soldiers regard him with indifference, contempt, or dislike. If this were not the general feeling towards him, he would not be the pitiable creature that he is in their towns and cities. He would not have sunk—as he has rapidly sunk—from the calling of a domestic servant to that of a servant in oyster-shops and public stews. He would not be a citizen with curtailed and stinted rights of citizenship, a thing to flout and scorn and jostle out of the public highways of daily life. And that he is what he is, not through mere causeless prejudice and dislike, may be inferred not only from the inability or unwillingness of his abolitionist friends to elevate him in the social scale in the North, or from his own incapacity to profit by favourable opportunities, but from the tone and temper in which sensible and moderate politicians in the North have always spoken of General Banks's proclamation. Nothing could be more decisive and intelligible than the verdict of Northern popular opinion on this matter. Within one year's date from the grandiose imposture of Mr. Lincoln's proclamation, General Banks, with the approval of three-fourths of his countrymen, promulgates an edict which, judged by the standard of sentimental politicians, leaves to the negro very little beyond the name of freedom. He cannot, indeed, any longer be bought and sold. He cannot be torn from his family, and carried hundreds of miles away from his wife and children. But, with this important exception, his condition is far from being raised to that which the Constitution of the United States declares to be the natural and rightful condition of each member of the human race. Henceforth "plantation hands," though they may not be removed by the personal violence of their "owners," are yet not to pass from one estate to another without the express permission of the Provost-Marshal, who is to adjudicate all matters of difference between the "hands" and their "employers." A scale both of labour and wages, as well as of diet and clothing, is laid down for the "hands." The regulation of their savings, as well as of their earnings, is fixed by a praetorian edict. In short, their whole regimen seems to be compiled from our old Vagrant and Poor Laws, and the regulations of the Immigration Commissioners in respect of Coolie labourers, with a slight infusion of the code which French intendants and planters have found to work well in the colonies of Bourbon, Martinique, and Guadeloupe.

We say that this has been done with the assent of Northern public opinion. With the exception of one or two growls from politicians and journalists of the Emancipation school, we have seen no resistance, heard no murmurs, from the thinking people of the North. No sentiment of justice or philanthropy seems outraged by it, except among those to whom philanthropy has become a piece of political stock-in-trade. On the contrary, the citizens and soldiers of the great Anti-slavery Government seem to regard it as quite in accordance with the Eternal Verities that the negro should be treated as a creature half child and half savage; that he should have his work and his diet, his holidays and his wages, his savings and his property, all meted out for him by superior authority, as a child's work, and rewards, and pocket-money are adjusted by his guardian or master; and that he should be kept within the pale of certain callings, and fenced off from invading the dignity of others, just as a Gentile would be excluded from the holier courts of the Sanctuary, or a Thracian savage from the triclinium of a Roman patrician.

So much for Northern opinion. What is English opinion—i.e.

the opinion of Englishmen who have seen the negro as he exists in civilized communities? Englishmen have seen him in three qualities—as a slave in the Southern States; as a freeman without rights in the Northern States; as a freeman, with all and something more than all the ordinary rights of freedom, in the English colonies. In the first character, they have pitied him probably more than they have admired him. They have pitied the squalid savage whose sluggish drudgery brought as little profit to himself as to his master. But perhaps they have more deeply pitied the master whose property was left to the thrifless care of such a drudge. In the North, they have seen him gradually ousted from every decent trade and calling, partly by the superior skill and industry, partly also by the increasing jealousy, of the Teuton and the Celt. And here, again, their pity has been not wholly simple and unmixed. For, while they may not have seen much to choose between the untidy fussiness of the unkempt Irishman and the self-complacent half-work of the conceited negro, they cannot have failed to see that even if the latter had been less vain, less conceited, and less idle than he really is, he would have had a hard battle to fight, not only against the stern prejudices of his white rivals, but also against their superior energy, directness of purpose, and honesty of work. Still even the antagonism against such fearful odds hardly reconciles Englishmen to the characteristics of the negro as he is—to that alternation of slyness and sullenness, of cringing self-abasement and offensive pertness, which by turns amuses and irritates the stranger in Broadway and Chestnut Street. But it is in the English colonies that an Englishman's sympathy with negroes receives its *coup de grâce*. There he sees things which he never saw or dreamed of seeing before. He sees a whole people who have been redeemed from the condition of chattels to freedom and civil rights—a people with whom all his kindest sympathies have been enlisted since childhood—forgetful of what they were, and to whom they owe the wonderful change, merging all sense of gratitude and duty in one general passion for self-indulgence and self-assertion. Those whom mercantile adventure has recently taken to the colonies nearest the scene of American strife can speak of the negro as the freest of human beings. They see him not driven to hole-and-corner occupations, not working for codified wages, but doing just as little work as he chooses, for as high wages as he chooses to demand; not sidling down by-paths with sly and sulky mien, but defiantly jostling his white neighbour in the highways; retaining all the love of finery, all the relish for animal enjoyment, all the delight in mere idleness, which distinguish him both as a savage and as a slave, and glowing over these ineradicable instincts with a superficial mimicry of European habits. They see him, by the legislation of white men, made equal to the white man in all civil privileges, but dissatisfied with this equality, and burning to turn it into masterdom; taking the position and the hire of service with a fixed determination not to perform its duties; extorting for inferior care and attention remuneration twice as great as English workmen are thankful to earn for their conscientious labours; and almost daring to affect contempt for the race which, out of its own earnings, found his ransom. With this sight before their eyes, is it strange that Englishmen should think that the juxta-position of two races whose innate dissimilarity is intensified by dissimilarity of colour is pregnant with difficulties, and that General Banks's proclamation has, in preferring a French to an English example, borne testimony to a failure which may be ascribed, in equal degrees, to the ignorance, the indifference, and the fanaticism of our statesmen?

Many may have been the illusions raised by the conduct of both parties in this murderous conflict. But there is no illusion more strange than that of the people who believe that any respectable party or body of Northerners honestly proposes to put the negro on a perfect level with white men. Foolish fanatics and preachers may declaim; shameless women may indite, and more shameless women may recite, a cento of obscenities thinly veiled by the gloss of humanitarianism; young girls who, if they have no other grace or beauty, should at least have the grace and beauty of modesty, may address to their negro warriors language which would be deemed more than sufficiently warm if used by the girlhood of Venice and Rome to the soldiers of Italy. All this may happen, and happen again; but we are convinced that neither sober American citizens of the North, nor sober Englishmen who have visited English settlements in the West Indies, will give the slightest adhesion to a principle which makes the negro the social equal of the white man, and encourages the dusky pets of the platform to aspire to a matrimonial alliance with white women.

#### ENGLISH AND IRISH HORSE-BREEDING.

THE pending discussion about Irish horse-breeding is being conducted in rather an Irish way. Admiral Rous tells us that the Irish breeders sell to foreigners every valuable stallion and brood-mare which they possess, and he tells us directly afterwards that the Irish breed the finest hunters in the world. As Ireland is in many respects an exceptional country, it is possible that the rule *ex nihilo nihil fit* does not apply there; but, if it does, the Admiral must be understood as only meaning to say (what is quite true) that in horse-breeding, as in many other matters, Ireland fails to improve to the utmost the advantages of soil and climate which bountiful nature has conferred upon her. It must be owned, however, that England, as well as Ireland, is open to the reproach of exporting her best horses for the improvement of

foreign breeder. If Ireland has allowed France to obtain from her The Baron and Faugh-a-Ballagh, England has been induced by the same means to part with West Australian and The Flying Dutchman. There may be, both in England and Ireland, a few noblemen and gentlemen who are able and willing to disregard profit, and to breed horses solely from patriotic motives; but, in general, the only adequate inducement to keep stud-horses at home will be found in experimental proof that it is more advantageous so to do than to export them. It is probable that the growth of breeding establishments in England will tend every year to render the market to which the foreign breeder has hitherto resorted less attractive. Looking at the intelligence and capital devoted to these establishments, it can scarcely be supposed that the conductors of them will allow themselves to be distanced by foreigners in competition for first-rate mares and stallions. But the successful conduct of such establishments requires money, knowledge of horseflesh, and patience, and it is no injustice to Ireland to say that in respect of two of these qualifications she is inferior to England. If you have a horse which has just completed a successful career on the Turf, you will have to wait three years or more before that horse can begin to acquire any reputation at the stud. If you want money badly, you will sell your horse when you take him out of training, and the highest bidder, native or foreign, will reap the large but late crop of profit of which your necessity compels you to forego the hope. In some cases that profit has been enormous. The proprietors of the Rawcliffe paddocks have received in respect of a single stallion, Stockwell, 40 fees of 50 guineas, or 2,000 guineas in a season, besides the profit derived from his services in their own establishment. At present the fee charged by Stockwell's owner is 75 guineas, and at that enhanced price the competition has become even keener than before. It is not, therefore, from want of encouragement to breed first-rate stallions that they are not bred, but the fact is that the immediate necessity of breeders compels them to disregard their remote but certain interest. Admiral Rous considers that the giving of Queen's Plates under the existing conditions is beneficial as far as it goes, but that it goes a very little way. Another writer on the subject oddly mixes up the Queen's Plates with two-year-old races as joint causes of whatever defect exists in the English breed of horses. We should agree with Admiral Rous that the Queen's Plates do some small good and do no harm. At a great meeting like Ascot the Queen's Plate is of trifling importance, but at a small meeting like Hampton it often produces the best race in the programme. Whether the nation should do more than it does to encourage horse-racing is a question which, if mooted in the House of Commons, would probably produce some troublesome conflict of opinion. It might be urged in favour of the convenient plan of letting things alone, and refusing any addition to the trumpery amount of the present vote, that the thing wanted is not money so much as wisdom in its application. The administrators of the fund derived from the Grand Stand at Ascot have this year devoted part of the surplus in their hands to founding a new prize, to which they might have annexed whatever conditions they thought proper. The conditions adopted are stated by sporting writers to be "popular," which doubtless means that they meet the views of that large majority of horse-breeders who are compelled to seek for the earliest possible return upon the money invested by them. The opposite view to this is embodied by Admiral Rous in the suggestion of a national prize of 5,000*l.* to be run for by four-year-old and older horses. Another writer offers a less practicable proposal with the same object—namely, that the Derby and St. Leger should be run for by horses a year older. Declining collision alike with the habits and supposed interests of horse-breeders and with the prejudices which sometimes influence the House of Commons, we would venture to recommend that attempts should be made by leading men upon the Turf to obtain for four-year-old races a degree of attention which at present they do not command. If a general conviction prevailed of the utility of such a change, there would be no want of pecuniary means for carrying it out. But now-a-days, as soon as the Derby has been run for, the Derby of next year becomes the prevailing topic of speculation.

In proportion as the conditions of success in managing a stud-farm become better understood, it is probable that both in England and Ireland greater reluctance will prevail to selling the best stock of the respective countries for exportation. The well-ascertained truth that good horses and good mares will reproduce themselves sufficiently guarantees a speculation of this kind, if conducted with adequate judgment and capital, against failure. A great deal of money, intimate knowledge of horseflesh, and thorough aptitude for business are required to establish a stud-farm, but, when it is established, few speculations are more remunerative. The annual sale of yearlings, held last Saturday at Middle Park, Eltham, proves this conclusively. It is generally granted that a blood yearling is sold advantageously for 100*l.*, but at this sale forty-three colts and fillies realized 11,855*l.*, or on the average about 275*l.* apiece. Mr. Blenkiron's success at Eltham shows what might be done by equally good management in more advantageous situations. He has not much land, and what he has is poor, but yet he contrives to turn out a lot of colts and fillies which excite a competition unsurpassed by any other sale. What might not be done by adequate capital, directed by judgment equal to that of Mr. Blenkiron, upon that limestone pasturage of Kildare which Admiral Rous represents as the best in the

world for breeding horses! The yearlings sold at Middle Park were the produce of sixty-nine brood mares owned by Mr. Blenkiron, and a few which belonged to the late Sir Tatton Sykes. The greater number of Mr. Blenkiron's mares were on the premises, and the rest were at another farm of his in Yorkshire. To form and to maintain profitably a stud of this magnitude evidently requires a large outlay of money, as well as the exercise of all the qualities which we have supposed Mr. Blenkiron to possess. In order to fulfil the condition of success in breeding—namely, to put a good mare to a good horse—Mr. Blenkiron owns several stallions of reputation, and he also avails himself of all the best blood that exists in the country, or even out of it. If a famous horse has passed into French hands, he is still within the reach of English breeders who choose to make a journey to obtain his services. An establishment like Mr. Blenkiron's is conducted upon purely business principles, and there can be none of that devoted and almost unreasonable attachment to particular sires which sometimes interferes with the success of aristocratic horse-breeders who do not grudge their money, but cannot sacrifice their affections. In Mr. Blenkiron's stud may be seen Dundee, the game animal who ran second for the Derby on three legs. He has never recovered from his break-down, and never will. He is a handsome and strong horse, but flat-sided. It may be doubted whether he will ever get anything as good as himself; but one might venture to address to his progeny the words of Ajax to the boy Eurysaces:—

Oh, son! may'st thou be more fortunate than thy father,  
But in other respects like him, and thou wilt not be bad.

Dundee's hocks are capped, like his half-brother Scottish Chief, so it is to be presumed that the kicking tendency pervades the family. Marsyas is strong and handsome, without much quality. Horror is big and ugly, and looking at him now it is difficult to understand how he came to be shown at Battersea two years ago. But it would puzzle the keenest critic to find a fault in Amsterdam, the prettiest of The Flying Dutchman's sons. He was the fastest horse of his day over a mile, and now he bids fair to sustain his own and his sire's reputation at the stud. He is a bright bay, on short legs, long and level. The eagerness of racing men to get possession of a really good-looking yearling was exemplified in the case of a half-brother to Amsterdam, a brown colt by The Flying Dutchman, out of Magic, who was claimed by two competing bidders at 810 guineas. Besides The Flying Dutchman and Mr. Blenkiron's own stallions, West Australian, Prime Minister, Wild Dayrell, Sir Tatton Sykes' favourite sire Colsterdale, and other well-known horses, had representatives among the yearlings. The choice of a sire whose blood will suit that of the dam ought to be made, irrespective of such partialities as Colsterdale's late owner showed for him. Horse-breeding should be kept distinct from horse-racing, and the surest road to success on the Turf is that pursued by Mr. Merry, who has relied rather upon what he bought than what he bred himself. Dundee, for example, was picked up at a yearling sale at Doncaster.

#### MR. HOLMAN HUNT'S NEW PICTURES.

PICTURES from Scripture subjects, especially when they are dealt with in an entirely original manner, have so powerful a hold on English sympathies that Mr. Hunt's "Christ in the Temple," when shown by itself three or four years ago, we believe actually rivalled the Royal Academy in the multitude of its visitors. We do not know whether the two works which he now exhibits—an Egyptian Girl, and a View of London Bridge on the Night when the Princess Alexandra arrived—with Mr. Martineau's "Last Day in the Old Home," can equal that work in attraction; but the peculiar merit and interest of these pictures deserve at least as full a recognition from the lovers of English art. And we wish the artist all success in that course of separate exhibition by which alone, whilst Trafalgar Square is crowded as it is, and under all circumstances is likely long to be, the spectator is enabled to see a work of serious art with any sense of present pleasure or hope of lasting profit.

It is an advantage that—the gloss of novelty having worn off what used to be called the Pre-Raphaelite school, and the school itself (so far as the term had any true meaning) having taken different directions, according to the bias of the artists whose first apparent co-operation gave it a species of unity—we can now speak of art such as Mr. Holman Hunt's and Mr. Martineau's without arousing those sectarian feelings which, whether in praise or in blame, stand so much in the way of sound and satisfactory appreciation. The four or five men of genius whose doings began to create such a curious stir fifteen years ago set out, as genius eternally must do, with an energetic protest against conventionality. The "respectable sham," as the great belligerent of the day in this warfare might have called it, which the young artists first encountered was that careless style of working and that commonplace selection of incident which had become rather prominent in the English school. Art is always, and in all countries, apt to get away from Nature, and to try to persuade herself and the public that the comparatively facile artifices of the studio—false lights, and theatrical attitudes, and showy colour, and generalized details—are her legitimate methods. These conventionalities, after a time, are sure to establish themselves amongst the painters and the public. Then comes a period of inferior art, and then some such reaction as that we have spoken of. Whether the reaction appears in the way of protest in favour of severe drawing of the human figure (as with David in France), or of return to the eternal



principles of classical art (as with Flaxman), or of profounder study of natural effects, and determination to do the utmost for every detail (as with the Pre-Raffaellites), does not appear to us, ultimately, of very great consequence. The fact of the reaction, the sincerity of the protest, is the great thing. In this case, we might briefly describe it as the endeavour to repeat, for the benefit of English art, what Wordsworth and his allies wished to do for English poetry. And as, a few years after the "Lyrical Ballads" and "Joan of Arc," with their rebellious prefaces and not always successful novelties of style, the Lakists diverged, by the course of nature, into their own individual ways, even so already has it been with the Pre-Raffaellites. A few foolish critics behind their age, with one great poet who, at a distance from home, continued to work out his boyish experiences of England in powerful verse, maintained the cry against the Lakists; but meantime English readers, in place of a school working to a common end, knew only of Coleridge and Southey and Wordsworth as men united in aim solely by the bond of that genius in which they all more or less shared. The origin of the Pre-Raffaellite school must similarly, we think, be sought in a very few young painters of real ability, moved at first in some degree by a single purpose in their reaction, but capable, whatever line that reaction might take, of making themselves eminent in art. The creed was of much less importance than the protestation. All of them may not have been equally faithful to their genius, but several have secured their fame. And now all that remains in common between men like Millais, Hunt, F. M. Brown, Jones, Hughes, Inchbold, Davis, and Boyce (if they will allow us to group them together in what we mean as a first-class, though not an exhaustive list), is the signal ability which in general marks their work. Their protest, in a word, has had its effect, and it is as individual artists of power that the world at present accepts them.

The primary motive qualities in Mr. Holman Hunt, if we rightly read his genius—intellectual force and artistic intensity—are shown with undiminished power in the little Exhibition now on view in the Hanover Street Gallery. These are qualities which go home to every spectator; whether he likes the work or not, he is sure to be penetrated by it; and the artist has hence secured a hold upon his generation hardly inferior to that possessed by Mr. Tennyson. With these qualities the list of Mr. Hunt's works—although numerically small if we compare them with the productions of many amongst his contemporaries—shows that he combines unusual intellectual and artistic versatility. We doubt whether any of our living artists has tried and succeeded in subjects so widely apart as the "Isabella," the "Hiring Shepherd," the "Awakened Conscience," the "Scapegoat," and the two sacred pictures by which he is most widely known. Besides landscapes, we may now add the "Egyptian Girl" and the "London Bridge," as additional proofs of this uncommon range of power. We took occasion to remark, not long since, that it is to the head—to what is in the man—that we must in all cases look for the result of his hands, whether they give us a statue or a sonata, a picture or a poem, "Maud" or the "Light of the World." In all the fine arts, instinctive as their operation may appear (as especially in music), we think that this law holds good; everything is bounded by the intellect. When this faculty is not only powerful in itself, but flexible and versatile, we may fairly expect results of no common interest. At the same time, these conditions of the mind will be apt to lead an artist a little in advance of his executive power, especially if the intensity with which he conceives and sees his picture renders him unwilling to stay his hand before he has put the maximum of thought and expressiveness into the work, and finished every inch of it to the utmost. Perhaps certain of Mr. Hunt's works, in his earlier days, like some of Turner's, have not been free from these influences; although, so rarely do we find an English artist who fulfils the conditions under which they act, that we cannot be sure whether what looks like intellect in excess of execution may not be rather a new phase of art which perplexes the spectator by its novelty. At any rate, there has been an air of almost too strenuous and perfect elaboration about some of his greatest pictures. It is true that the finish was never what the ignorant supposed it, photographic or microscopic in its character, and that every added incident and touch increased the total effect through the imaginative intensity of the painter's mind; yet we have wished that he would not always concentrate so much on a single canvas, but give the reins more frankly to his invention, and employ his force of idea and his mastery over art on more numerous, if less highly wrought, productions.

Mr. Hunt's new pictures show that he is capable of such a development of his practice as that above indicated. The "After Glow" (that last burning flush which seems to rise as if from the heated earth in equatorial regions), as he has named the Egyptian Gleaner, is painted altogether in a broader and larger style than anything he has before produced; whilst, at the same time, the fine delicacy of work by which, and by which alone, the whole truth of nature can be given, is not abandoned. The girl, as if resting for a moment after crossing a pool, stands in a blue dress, which we see to be half transparent where it crosses the light, and which, through its delicate folds, reminds us of that beauty of female form invisible to the present generation throughout all the streets of Europe. The drawing of the figure, both under the dress and where the flesh is shown, appears to us worthy of Mr. Hunt's

reputation for thoroughness in his art. The arms are particularly good. Round the girl's head is a series of Oriental veils and ornaments, which we leave to be named by the learned in Coptic; in one hand is a splendidly-coloured green water-vase; on her head a sheaf of corn, upon which a pigeon is perching. The action of this bird, half slipping down and turning round his tail for equilibrium, and the effect of golden glow given to the sky seen through the long-bearded ears, are each admirable. The painting of the sheaf itself strikes us as not quite equal to the rest in force of colour and complexity of detail. Around the girl fly or hover a cloud of the same noble pigeons, of every variety in tint and attitude; behind we see a long level of corn, interspersed with the feathery palm. The faint purple-pink of the Nile valley hills closes the horizon. Above is the unbroken sky, carried down into the picture by a pool behind the girl, the steady surface of which bears yet traces of her progress, or of the ruffling flight of the pigeons who are tracking her sheaf by its fallen grains. It is impossible not to believe that we have the full local colour of Egypt, seen when it is most rich and most tender, in this beautiful and impressive work.

Strongly contrasted with the "After Glow" is the "London Bridge," here somewhat too fancifully called "The Sea King's Peaceful Triumph." We do not think that the explanation suggested in this title was wanted to render Mr. Hunt's idea clear. He seems to have wished, in this curious work, to hand down as faithful and unexaggerated a picture of that singular and unique thing—a London crowd bent upon pleasure, obedient to law, and almost able to manage itself—as his art would convey. This it was, we believe, which so moved General Garibaldi on his recent visit, and it is carried out in every part of the picture. Law is only broken here by the ragged vagabond handing a watch over his better-dressed brother who acts the gentleman in the crowd; and law is at once vindicated by the never seen but ubiquitous policeman. We need not describe the numerous well-devised incidents of the scene. They are not of that melodramatic order which a weaker artist would have been compelled to choose in order to give his work interest and to make out the composition, but precisely such as might have been seen during any single hour of the night selected. All that art has done has been to give us a rather more typical choice of figures than we should generally have seen together. In this aim, we think Mr. Hunt has achieved a success not less noteworthy than his success in more ideal or inventive pictures. A representation of the Londoners of our age so profoundly faithful, giving the whole, without caricature, yet without commonplace, we have never seen. We are glad that high art—for such, and only such, we should consider all really good art—has been employed for once on such a subject as this, which, three centuries hence, will perhaps be looked at in London or in Australia with an interest quite irrespective of the artist's powers. Yet, as in pictures representing artificial light, there is a glare and a hotness about it which, though very powerfully managed where it recedes into the back-ground, renders the nearer portions not so pleasant in effect as in daylight pictures. Spectators also can hardly escape perplexity when an artist chooses so unusual a scene. We are not sufficiently familiar with illuminations and with the strange refractions which they here seem to throw over the sky, nor with the limitations under which alone art can paint such objects, to feel at home readily in such a work. The union of clear and coloured artificial light has also added to the artist's difficulties. He has used the darkness of the river and the clear obscure of the sky, with its floating clouds half tinged by earth and half by moonlight, to great effect, but we fear that the civic decorations of the bridge will convey a melancholy impression of British bad taste to the New Zealander of the future.

Of Mr. Martineau's "Last Day in the Old Home" we can now only remark that it has been judiciously added to the present exhibition. Although not a new work—having appeared with great *éclat* in the International Exhibition, where it won the first prize amongst our latest figure-pictures—it is now seen to so much better advantage that spectators can give it the study which its merits, already fully recognised, deserve. This, again, is one of the truthful leaves from contemporary life in which our century is fertile. Satire no longer grows on this soil. We have no public for Fielding or Hogarth. Even "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" would be now voted *mauvais goût*. In return, our writers and artists furnish us with pictures of the world as it generally is, of rare fidelity. This style began with Miss Austen, and she still remains in her own line in some respects unrivalled. But Mr. Thackeray and Mr. Dickens have enlarged her range of description by painting deeper passions and more homely life; and Mr. Hunt and Mr. Martineau have here contributed two first-rate illustrations to the great Novel by many hands which is thus building itself up about us.

#### THE OPERAS.

THE manager of Her Majesty's Theatre has added another admirable voice to his company. Before, however, we enter upon any description of Madlle. Wippers' powers, we must congratulate both the manager and, in a higher degree, Signor Arditi on the very admirable manner in which *Robert le Diable*, the opera chosen for Madlle. Wippers' first appearance, was given. We have so often had occasion to remark upon the inefficiency

and want of precision of the chorus, that it is only fair to say that we have never heard the choruses in this opera given better than they were last Saturday. The body of tone is everything that can be desired, and if the same careful rehearsal is bestowed on other operas, the chorus of Her Majesty's Theatre will render what has so often been a source of weakness one of the strong points in the representations of the house. Should any one care to know what can be done by an energetic conductor and willing singers, let him go and listen to *Robert* at Her Majesty's.

Notwithstanding the weak hold which *Robert* has upon English tastes, the opera is a favourite one with sopranos, and has been chosen more than once as the piece in which to make or mar a reputation. Mr. Lumley has lately told us with what pertinacity Jenny Lind stuck to Alice as her first character, and it must be confessed that the part contains music tempting both to the mere singer and to the operatic artist. Two beautiful airs (the first occurring in a highly exciting situation), a trio which tests the musicianly qualities of a singer very severely, a duet which demands great dramatic power, and the final trio, are all opportunities which a great singer has not often thrown in her way in the same opera. As Jenny Lind said, "If I cannot sing, at all events I will show them I can act"; and the converse might easily be maintained—"If I cannot act, at all events I will let them hear that I can sing." The music of the part of Alice is always pleasing when sung by a pure, fresh voice, even though the performer may not possess great dramatic force; while, on the other hand, graceful and powerful acting may make us forget, or at all events forgive, the absence of striking vocal gifts or complete vocal art. We may at once say that the new Alice is a singing rather than an acting Alice. She is quiet, and understands how to place herself on the stage, but she is wanting in those dramatic instincts which enable an actress to hold her audience and carry them with her in rapt admiration of her power. Alice, however, is a trying part for an actress, and, moreover, Madlle. Wippers was clearly oppressed with singing in a language as yet unfamiliar to her. In other characters she may disclose powers of acting with which we are unable at present to credit her. But, as a singing Alice, her success was complete. Her voice is a clear, fresh, ringing soprano, extending to the upper B with ease, and she can no doubt upon occasion employ the C and D with effect; in fact she did, at one point in the opera, give out the upper C with considerable power. In one respect we cannot speak too highly of the manner in which Madlle. Wippers produces her notes. It is refreshing to hear music with no tremolo, that curse of modern singing, and for which we are indebted to the French school, which turns out singers possessing great facility and neatness of execution, but utterly unable to sustain for a couple of bars any note with steadiness or pureness of tone. Alice's opening cavatina, the well known "Va, dit-elle," disclosed all the points in Madlle. Wippers' singing which we have indicated. The time of this air was, however, taken somewhat too slow, which, we will here remark, seemed to us to be the case throughout the opera. We are not sorry that a protest should be made against the railroad pace in music to which Mr. Costa has of late years accustomed us, but a protest may be too energetic, and into this error we think Signor Arditì did on this occasion fall. The third act is the great trial for Alice. Here she has to sing an air, duet, and trio in immediate succession, and all demanding very different colouring. It would be too much to say that Madlle. Wippers gave to each piece all the effect of which it is capable, but, without giving a subtle interpretation, she seized and presented the most salient points with clearness, and by her singing of the air at the cross fairly roused the audience to enthusiasm. A bold and well-executed descending chromatic scale formed an admirable climax to an admirable rendering of this air. Madlle. Wippers is not, however, quite so much mistress of her voice in ascending passages, some of which, in this very song, wanted more finish and clearness; but what she did accomplish plainly showed that it will be entirely her own fault if she does not attain to all the neatness and finish that can be desired. The duet with Bertram pleased us least of any part of Madlle. Wippers' performance, but this piece requires dramatic powers of a high order to give it effect. Madlle. Wippers has all the conventional business in this scene at her command, but she originates nothing; she took her revenge, however, in the unaccompanied trio, which we have not heard better done for many years. Madlle. Wippers' clear ringing notes, without a trace of wear or fatigue, came out gloriously. Signor Junca, the Bertram of the evening, deserves his share of the praise due to the performance of this trio. The only other music which Alice sings after this is the finale to the opera—the contest between her and Bertram for the soul of Robert. While wanting in the dramatic force to which some of the representatives of Alice have accustomed us, and the suppliant tenderness with which the scene has been rendered by others, the clear tones of the new singer's voice gave great brilliancy to the trio, and confirmed the opinion as to her great natural gifts; and we cordially congratulate Mr. Mapleson on having added to his company an artiste with decidedly one of the finest voices now to be heard in London. The other characters were represented, on the whole, very well. Signor Gardoni quite took us by surprise by his performance of Robert; he sang the celebrated "Sorte amica" with such spirit that he was obliged to repeat it. His voice seems to have gained strength and power, and his artistic style of vocalization can never fail to give pleasure to those whose taste has not yet

been corrupted by the modern plan of shouting in place of singing. Signor Junca is a somewhat gesticulating demon, and his voice wants both the weight and ring requisite for Bertram. He gave, however, a careful reading of the part; and, as we have already mentioned, the unaccompanied trio owed much to his steadiness. Madlle. Liebhardt possesses much of the flexibility necessary for the florid music of Isabella, but we cannot confess to much pleasure in her singing. As a singer of small parts, no one is more effective than Signor Bettini, and his Rambaldo is no exception to his general practice. Mr. Mapleson is showing great activity in fulfilling his promises, and also much discretion in modifying them. We are glad to perceive that *Tannhäuser* has been withdrawn. It is more than doubtful whether an English audience would have endured the amount of tedium which listening to the whole would have entailed, for the sake of the two or three undoubtedly fine and effective pieces which the opera contains; and we think it nearly certain that no singers except Germans could have mastered the uncouth music they would have had to sing. In place of this, we are to have Gounod's new opera *Mireille*, to be produced under the personal superintendence of the composer, who, we trust, will introduce some modifications into it, since, as done in Paris, it wants compression. On Tuesday, Leonora in *Fidelio* is to be performed by Madlle. Titieni, who, considering her gifts, ought to be the best representative of the part since the days of Malibran. For this opera Mr. Mapleson has wisely secured a German tenor—Herr Guinz—of whose singing lately at Dresden we have had very promising reports, and that, fortunately, from English, not German hearers.

At Covent Garden, besides Madlle. Patti's appearance in Gounod's *Faust*, *Stradella* has been produced. Why this opera should have been given in place of any of the novelties promised by the programme, we are at a loss to conceive. The story of the famous singer would really form the framework of a fine tragic opera in the hands of a composer who could deal with such strong situations; but M. Flotow has altered the terrible dénouement, and brings down the curtain with general repentance and forgiveness, and the "bless you, my children," of the heavy father. The music of *Stradella* is feeble, a weak copy of Auber's manner; many of the phrases given to the two ruffians being direct plagiarisms from *Fra Diavolo*. At the same time, it is lively in parts, and, although feeble, not often dull, except in certain added songs, which, poor in themselves, receive no charm from the singing of Madlle. Battu. Had *Stradella* been heard in England before *Marta* was produced, it might have had an ephemeral success with those who only care for music that can tickle their ears; but it cannot now be long tried, and, in fact, has been given but twice. The opera seems to have been brought out for Herr Wachtel, who, however, has since disappeared, and there is certainly a song at the end of the second act well fitted to display all his peculiarities. Such phrasing, such pronunciation of Italian as Herr Wachtel's, has perhaps rarely been heard. It was utterly beneath criticism; but the audience shouted at the high C's, and insisted on their repetition, and called the great tenor before the curtain as if a real artist had been singing. The best commentary, however, on such approval was given the same evening by the applause, loud and long, with which an admirable burlesque of Herr Wachtel's singing and acting (including the high note) by Signor Ronconi was received. At the same time, it is but fair to Herr Wachtel to notice that, in the finale, where Flotow has introduced Stradella's own Hymn to the Virgin—as he has the "Last Rose of Summer" in *Marta*—Herr Wachtel's singing was the best that has been heard from him, although still it was scarcely touching enough to have moved the hearts of his would-be murderers, if they were the progenitors, as we suppose they were, of the modern banditti whose doings in Italy have lately been exciting our horror. The other parts were filled by Signori Ronconi, Ciampi, and Capponi. Nothing could be more amusing than the acting of Signor Ronconi as one of the would-be and would-not-be assassins. His by-play was irresistible, and a bacchanalian duet, of a very ordinary if not vulgar character, obtained an encore from his inimitable acting. The opera has been put upon the stage with the lavish decoration in scenery and dresses which is the rule at Covent Garden, but it can scarcely be considered a success, and we trust that some of the other new works promised will soon be produced.

*Don Giovanni* has brought us Signor Tamberlik, whose voice seems in better order than it was last season, and it has also shown what a magnificent organ Herr Schmid possesses. We have never heard the statue scene produce so much effect. Herr Schmid more than realized our expectations as to his style of singing, and we regard him as decidedly one of the most successful of the new-comers this year. A new buffo, too, has appeared—Signor Scalsea, whose Bartolo and Leporello are cast in the Lablache mould. He has a good voice, and preserves the old traditions of buffo singing. Madlle. Lucca, after appearing in but two characters, has taken her departure, owing, it is said, to ill-health, and, we presume to supply her place, Madlle. Artot is engaged, who is to appear in *La Figlia del Reggimento*. Clever artist as she is, the subscribers would probably have preferred Madlle. Patti, as was promised. There is also a rumour that Madame Carvalho is to return to Covent Garden to play Catarina in *L'Étoile*, which we sincerely hope will, at all events, be produced.



## REVIEWS.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MR. BROWNING'S new poems display, in a striking form, the peculiar characteristics of his genius. He takes little pleasure in representing the superficial appearances either of moral or of material objects. Even his descriptive passages, while they are thoroughly true to nature, indicate, by their minute and elaborate accuracy, the vigour and subtlety of an intellect which never acquiesces in passive receptivity. It is impossible to think of Mr. Browning, in his poetic capacity, as sitting half the day with Wordsworth "on the old grey stone," and "dreaming his time away" in the faith that thought and feeling will come without the effort of seeking. There is some foundation for the charge that the obscurity of Mr. Browning's works may prevent them from becoming widely popular, but the difficulty is for the most part inherent in the subject-matter, and it is often diminished as far as possible by felicity of expression. The mysteries of thought and the paradoxes of human nature are not to be apprehended without an effort even by the aid of masterly exposition; nor can it be denied that Mr. Browning frequently baffles a careless reader by a fragmentary and oracular utterance of results which are to himself only parts of a clear and consecutive process of thought. A close psychological observer, he would have been an acute metaphysician if the predominance of the imaginative faculty had not made him pre-eminently a poet. The recondite sophistries and oblique impulses which he delights to trace are always embodied in a dramatic impersonation, and the impostors whose character he analyses are compelled, like the inhabitants of Dante's hell, to tell their own story with involuntary candour. Of all vices, Mr. Browning appears especially to abhor the ingrained falsehood of successful charlatans, and although the morality of a poem has little to do with its value, the marvellous astuteness with which hypocrisy is traced through its remoter windings is essentially imaginative and poetic. Mr. Browning's admirers submit, with enforced patience, to the singular choice of names by which he expresses his personal antipathy to certain types of character. The repugnance which is provoked by such designations as *Bluephocks* or *Gigadibs* must be considered as a toll exacted, at the caprice of the owner, for admission into a noble domain. Poets, like the boroughmongers of former times, do what they will with their own, and Mr. Browning chooses to assert his proprietorship in an unaccountable fashion.

"Mr. Sludge the Medium" is the unattractive hero of one of the most remarkable poems in the volume. "Bishop Blougram's Apology" had already illustrated Mr. Browning's faculty of tracing wilful falsehood to the boundary where it blends inextricably with the more incurable taint of half-conscious self-deception. The polished and respectable mendacity of the dignified ecclesiastic was not truer to nature than the mercenary fraud of the humble and malignant American impostor. It may be presumed that Mr. Browning entertains a manly scorn for all belief, or affectation of belief, in the stupid inventions of modern mock superstition; but his business as a poet is not with the abstract doctrine, but with the motives of its professors, and with the half-conscious dishonesty of their sham disciples. By a necessary artifice he makes Mr. Sludge, like Bishop Blougram, tell his own story with a detailed candour which would scarcely be exhibited in real life; but in both cases the improbability is excused or concealed by plausible occasions for confession. Sylvester Blougram, styled in *partibus*

*Episcopus, necnon* (the deuce knows what  
It's changed to by our novel hierarchy),

is proud of his accomplishments, of his worldly success, and above all of the skill with which he reconciles the orthodoxy of a prelate with the dispassionate perspicacity of a man of the world:—

The sum of all is, yes, my doubt is great,  
My faith's the greater, then my faith's enough.

The enlightened bishop is aware that his intellectual equals or inferiors may suspect and despise him as simply insincere, and accordingly he proves with elaborate ingenuity that every weak point in his system is covered by a sophism or a fallacy. His apology is, however, an intellectual amusement as well as a scheme of defence. The exercise of fancy and of logical ability is exhilarating even when it is directed to the establishment of unsound conclusions. Bishop Blougram is justly confident in his power as an advocate, and he is uneasy only when he remembers from time to time that he is a principal in the discussion. The sensitive fear of contempt which attends his argumentative triumph is admirably dramatic.

Mr. Sludge, the detected spirit-rapper, is more candid, and yet the absence of self-respect which befits an uneducated pretender enables him in a certain sense to believe in himself, even while he is confessing the grossness of his imposture. He may at least fairly boast that he is no worse than his disciples. When he was a servant boy he had overheard their twaddle about the invisible world:—

How wisdom scouts our vulgar unbelief  
More than our vulgarst incredulity;  
How good men have desired to see a ghost,  
What Johnson used to say, what Wesley did,  
Mother Goose thought, and fiddle-diddle-dee.

When he had been admitted to their society because he had seen a ghost, and because he had backed up his assertion by various rude experiments in illusion, his patrons resented, as an imputation on their sagacity, the suspicion that they might be the victims of fraud:—

So evidence is redoubled, doubled again,  
And doubled besides; once more he heard, we heard,  
You and they heard, your mother and your wife,  
Your children and the stranger in your gates.  
Did they, or did they not?

As the poor medium plaintively asks, who would have the courage to retract after his first success?—

To interpose with "It gets serious, this;  
Must stop here. Sir, I saw no ghost at all.  
Inform your friends I made . . . well, fools of them,  
And found you ready made.

After a short time the chief performer is spared all trouble by the eagerness of his voluntary accomplices. Whatever mistakes he commits, an explanation is ready:—

If Francis Verulam,  
Styles himself Bacon, spells the name besides  
With a y and a k, says he drew breath in York,  
Gave up the ghost in Wales when Cromwell reigned  
(As, Sir, we somewhat fear he was apt to say  
Before I found the useful book that knows),  
Why, what harm's done? The circle smiles apace,  
"It was not Bacon, after all, do you see;  
We understand—the trick's but natural."

Mr. Browning's insight into character is shown by Mr. Sludge's almost genuine belief in omens and special dispensations for his own behoof. If he sees Charles's Wain at midnight, he takes it as a sign that he ought to have his hair cut, and he forcibly argues that the personal matter touches him more nearly than the dangers from which his friends may have been providentially preserved:—

Well, sir, I think then, if you needs must know,  
What matter had you and Boston city to boot  
Sailed skyward, like burnt onion-peelings. Much  
To you, no doubt; for me, undoubtedly  
The cutting of my hair concerns me more.

The distinction between credulity and falsehood is no wider than the interval which separates the gambler from the sharper. The demand for deceit produces an abundant supply, and in recent, if not in general, mythology the proportion of lying is so preponderant that all the accessory elements may safely be disregarded by the critical analyst. In a certain sense, sympathy may be felt for the marvels of an imaginative age; but the trade of which Mr. Sludge is a typical practitioner ranks in the history of human folly no higher than the necromancy of Canidia, or the rites of Serapis as they were imported into Imperial Rome. The miracles of mediæval saints are comparatively respectable, and even the contemporaneous liquifiers of St. Januarius's blood have the excuse of long-established custom. For Mr. Browning's purpose it was necessary to endow Sludge with an acuteness of observation and reflection which could scarcely have belonged to an actual medium. His description of a Government spy at Rome would not have occurred to a Boston cheat, nor could the vulgar spirit-rapper have sympathized with the tenderness on which he deliberately practises. He records how he

begins  
At your entreaty with your dearest dead;  
The little voice set lisping once again,  
The tiny hand made feel for yours once more,  
The poor lost image brought back plain as dreams  
Which image if a word had chanced recall,  
The customary cloud would cross your eyes,  
Your heart return the old tick, pay its pang;—  
A right mood for investigation this.  
One's at one's ease with Saul and Jonathan,  
Pompey and Cæsar; but one's own lost child—  
I wonder, when you heard the first clod drop  
From the spadeful at the grave-side, felt you free  
To investigate who twitched your funeral scarf,  
Or brushed your flounces? Then it came, of course,  
You should be stunned and stupid; then (how else?)  
Your breath stopped with your blood, your brain struck work.  
But now such causes fail of such effects,  
All's changed; the little voice begins afresh,  
Yet you, calm, consequent, can test, and try,  
And touch the truth. Tests! Did not the creature tell  
The nurse's name, and say it lived six years,  
And rode a rocking-horse? Enough of tests!  
Sludge never could learn that.

The tangled web that has to be woven when men take up the business of deceit has never been unravelled so skilfully as in the anatomical demonstrations which Bishop Blougram and Mr. Sludge are made to practise on themselves.

Another form of human perversity is subjected to a similar process in Caliban's dissertation on the attributes of his mother's god Setebos. In "Natural Theology in the Island," the intellect of a man is employed in elaborating an imaginary deity who is the projected image of a savage or a satyr. Anthropomorphic speculations in the mouth of Caliban properly become theriomorphic, and the lonely monster constructs with melancholy logic a being, not supreme, but irresistible; as coarse, as selfish, and as capricious as himself. The brutalized nature of Caliban is, for some reason best known to Mr. Browning, indicated by the substitution of the third person for the first. The caricatured representative of theological egotism never speaks of himself as "I":—

Setebos, Setebos, and Setebos!  
Thinketh, he dwelleth in the cold of the moon,

Thinketh, he made it with the sun to match,  
But not the stars; the stars came otherwise;  
Only made clouds, winds, meteors, such as that,  
Also this isle, what lives and grows thereon,  
And snaky sea which rounds and ends the same.

On the whole, the meditative votary is inclined to think that his deity is scarcely either kind or cruel, and perhaps tolerably placable when he is humoured—

But rougher than his handiwork, be sure.

There is, accordingly, nothing which provokes Setebos more than any assumption of merit or independence on the part of his creatures. As Caliban would resent the claim of the whistle which he uses as a bird-call to the credit of catching the birds, his god expects the inhabitants of his realm to admit that all their power comes from him. If the elder-pipe were to rebel—

Would I not crush it with my foot? So He.

The whimsical exception of the stars from the supposed creation of Caliban's remaining universe is perhaps connected with his conjecture that Setebos was stirred into activity by finding himself cold and ill at ease. For the cause of his discomfort it is necessary to inquire of

The something over Setebos  
That made him, or he, maybe, found and fought,  
Worsted, drove off, and did to nothing, perchance.  
There may be something quiet o'er his head,  
Out of his reach, that feels no joy nor grief,  
Since both derive from weakness in some way  
I joy because the quails come; would not joy  
Could I bring quails here when I have a mind;  
This quiet, all it hath a mind to, doth;  
Esteemeth stars the outposts of its couch,  
But never spends much thought or care that way  
It may look up, work up the worse for those  
It works on. "Careth but for Setebos,  
The many-handed, as a cuttle fish,  
Who, making himself feared through what he does,  
Looks up first, and perceives he cannot soar  
To what is quiet and hath happy life.  
Next looks down here, and out of very spite  
Makes this a bauble world to ape yon real,  
These good things to match those, as hips do grapes.

It is Caliban's opinion that things will remain much as they are as long as Setebos lives. In the meantime, the best way to propitiate his wrath is not to seem too happy, and to criticize him, if at all, in secret. The soliloquy is terminated by a thunderstorm, which convinces the rash divine that his speculations had been overheard. As the only possible propitiation, he resorts with instinctive rapidity to immediate penance and to ascetic vows:—

Fool, to jibe at Him.  
Lo! lieth flat and loveth Setebos!  
Maketh his teeth meet through his upper lip,  
Will let those quails fly, will not eat this month  
One little mess of whelks, so he may 'scape.

The Calibans of all ages and countries, whether they were fakeers or monks, or Puritan fanatics, have bitten their lips and renounced their messes of whelks as the acknowledged mode of pleasing the Setebos of their distorted fancy.

The most interesting of the *Dramatis Personæ* belongs to a cycle which Mr. Browning has first discovered or applied to the purposes of poetry. The latter part of the Apostolic age combines in itself nearly all the conditions of grave historical fiction. The characters and the general outline of circumstances are real, while the lost details permit and invite imaginative reconstruction. Experience shows that the highest epic genius needs the groundwork of an acknowledged and credible tradition. Even Dante and Milton found the fables which they perpetuated already built up into the fabric of popular belief. Homer evidently dealt with accepted history, and critics still dispute whether Shakespeare invented a single plot. The "Epistle of Karshish, the Arab Physician," and the reply of Cleon to his patron, are among the most remarkable of Mr. Browning's former poems. A direct presentation of Lazarus as he may have appeared in his later life would have been repulsive, if not impossible, and Mr. Browning himself is so careless of his outward history as to describe him as only fifty years of age in the year 68 or 69 A.D. To the learned stranger who is consulted on his case by some elders of his tribe, the story of Lazarus causes a singular conflict between scientific incredulity and involuntary wonder. The "case of mania subinduced by epilepsy" involves symptoms which the supercilious physician finds, as he reflects upon them, more and more mysterious. The philosopher Cleon more summarily rejects the answer which one Paulus, "a barbarian Jew," might have given to the perplexing questions which beset him:—

Certain slaves  
Who touched on this same isle, preached him and Christ,  
And (as I gathered from a bystander)  
Their doctrines could be held by no sane man.

In "A Death in the Desert," the last hours of St. John's life are described from an opposite point of view. One of the disciples who had ministered to the dying Apostle, Pamphylax the Antiochene, records, on the eve of the day on which he was to fight the beasts, the dying words of his master. It was during a persecution in a desert cave

Where sixty days since the decree was out  
We had him, bedded on a camel skin,  
And waited for his dying all the while,

that St. John delivered his last oracular warning against heresies

which perhaps border on the theories of Strauss and Réaun. His doctrines partake of the not unfrequent obscurity of Mr. Browning's oracular responses; but the reminiscences of his apostolate, and of his various writings, are admirably impressive. The Gospel is, for poetical purposes, and in conformity with the opinion of some scholars, attributed to his extreme old age:—

But, at the last, why, I seemed left alive  
Like a sea-jelly weak on Patmos' strand,  
To tell dry sea-beach gazers how I fared  
When there was mid sea and the mighty things;  
Left to repeat, "I saw, I heard, I knew,"  
And go all over the old ground again,  
With Antichrist already in the world,  
And many Antichrists, who answered prompt,  
"Am I not Jasper as thyself art John,  
Nay young, whereas through age thou mayest forget,  
Wherefore explain, or how shall we believe?"  
I never thought to call down fire on such,  
Or, as in wonderful and early days,  
Pick up the scorpion, tread the serpent dumb,  
But, patient, stated much of the Lord's life,  
Forgotten or misdelivered, and let it work.

At the end of his discourse St. John declares his willingness to remain on earth, even for another hundred years, if his aid is still required to pluck "the blind ones back from the abyss":—

But he was dead; 'twas about noon, the day  
Somewhat declining; we five buried him  
That eve, and then dividing went five ways,  
And I, disguised, returned to Ephesus.

The remaining poems in the volume display the excellences, the peculiarities, and the principal defects of Mr. Browning's vigorous genius. Never speaking in his own person, and passing his subtlest thoughts through the mould of some ideal intellect, he often fails to supply the clue to the character of which he has probably himself a distinct conception. That a strong current runs underground is proved by the copious springs which burst up at intervals to the surface, but the hydrographic chart remains in Mr. Browning's exclusive possession. His poems are excellent in spite, and not in consequence, of his enigmatic utterance. His regular dramas are more intelligible than his shorter poems, because the personages of the story have time to make themselves understood. The additional commentary which was supplied by the subsidiary art of an accomplished actress when Miss Helen Faucit represented the graceful heroine of *Colombe's Birthday*, suggests the nature of the obscurity which requires some artificial light to dispel it. It is, perhaps, too much to expect that, where theatrical representation would be inapplicable, Mr. Browning should write a second set of poems to fill up the gaps of the first. The "Glossæ of Theotypas," which he skilfully appends to St. John's discourse, is designed rather to authenticate the text than to simplify a recondite theology.

The propriety of mixing up doggerel with poetry may fairly be questioned; but in some instances Mr. Browning gives effect to two or three lines which afterwards dwell on the memory, by inserting them in the midst of careless or lumbering rhymes. "A Likeness" is an etching

of a certain face, I never  
Saw elsewhere touch or trace of  
In women I've seen the face of;  
Just an etching, and so far clever.

The owner keeps it in a litter of artistic rubbish, which is perhaps intentionally represented by the bulk of the little poem which describes it. A friend pleases him by admiring the etching, but only by appealing to a hidden enthusiasm:—

Would he try a sight farther and say,  
He never saw, never before to-day,  
What was able to take his breath away,  
A face to lose youth for, to occupy age  
With the dream of, meet death with—

and then, as the excitement dies away, the poem once more subsides into doggerel. A finer thought and a deeper feeling are expressed in a poem called "The Worst of It," which is explained by the first words of an injured husband, "Would it were I had been false, not you." No reader of Mr. Browning's poetry would hesitate to recognise among a thousand competitors the authorship of lines like these:—

She ruined? How? No heaven for her?  
Crowns to give, and none for the brow  
That looked like marble, and smelt like myrrh?  
Shall the robe be worn, and the palm branch borne,  
And she go graceless, she graced now  
Beyond all saints, as themselves aver?

The ingenious plaintiveness of self-torturing reflection more than compensates for the feeble words with which the stanza closes. The passage not unfairly represents the inequalities of a great and careless poet.

#### ROMAN LITERATURE IN THE TIME OF THE CÆSARS.\*

M. JULES JANIN informs us, in the Introduction to his volume on the *Poetry and Eloquence of Rome in the Time of the Cæsars*, that it is but the fragment of a complete history of Roman literature projected by him in the sanguine season of his youth. Whether a writer with so ready a pen is quite the person for so grave an undertaking, involving a steady course of not always

\* *La Poésie et l'Eloquence à Rome au Temps des Césars.* Par M. Jules Janin. Paris: Didier & Co. 1864.



attractive study, we may be permitted to doubt. We fancy, however, that, in these discursive essays, we have as good a contribution to the subject as we have any right to expect from M. Jules Janin. The essays on Horace, Ovid, Martial, &c., have much the air of having been composed for the lecture-room. They savour strongly, both in their merits and defects, of the *discours*. They are lively, and they are often inaccurate; their course is devious, and they often relate as much to Paris and its literary coteries as to Rome and the literary society of the time of Augustus and Domitian. Some of the quick spirit displayed in them is due to this cause. Anecdotes of the Hotel Rambouillet form excellent illustrations of similar assemblies in the halls of Mæcenas and Pollio. Ovid and Horace are precursors of Beranger and Boileau.

There is, indeed, a close affinity between the essential features of Roman and Parisian society at certain epochs. Although they played the character differently, there was much of the Grand Monarque in both Augustus and Louis XIV. The parallel needs not half the straining to which Plutarch is sometimes obliged to subject his Greek and Roman heroes. At Paris under the Most Christian King, and at Rome under the second Cæsar, learning and literature were restricted to a very narrow circle. While the few were highly cultivated, the mass was profoundly ignorant. In the modern capital the *sermon*, in the ancient the *speech* or the *declamation*, were the usual, if not the only, forms of popular eloquence. Augustus, indeed, occasionally permitted a tribune or a senatorian demagogue to talk politics in the Forum; but neither he nor Louis approved of such discussions generally—the one having a Bastille, the other a convenient island ready for troublesome orators. The ode, the epic, the satire, were addressed to a narrow circle, and even history and philosophy were written for the upper thousand of society. In the drama, indeed, Paris possessed a popular element of literature which the Roman people under the Cæsars almost ignored, or at least applauded faintly in comparison with the clamour it lavished on the combats of lions and gladiators. But neither in the old nor in the modern Babylon was there, properly speaking, a written literature for the people. Stinging lampoons certainly flew about each capital, and songs not very musical to royal ears were heard in the Forum or the Palais Royal. But their authors were too modest or too prudent to claim these pasquinades, and had small reason to be grateful to friends who might officiously reveal their names to the chief of the State or of the police.

In taking Horace, Ovid, and Martial for representative poets, and Quintilian and the younger Pliny as samples of graver writers, M. Jules Janin has done wisely. He could not have chosen five names better suited to his purpose. In each of these writers we have presented to us a distinct phase of the Roman character, intellectual and social. Of Horace and Ovid, thanks to their own confessions, we know much more than of Shakespeare. Of Martial, M. Jules Janin constructs a very complete biography from vouchers afforded by his twelve books of Epigrams. Pliny, although he has left us neither a history of his own times nor a life of himself, as Lord Clarendon did, is in his letters nearly as palpable to our sight as the Chancellor of Charles II.; and if Quintilian's portrait is somewhat obscure, yet his "Institutes" make us intimately acquainted with the position of the rhetorician—its importance, its indispensableness—in Rome. The only vague figure in M. Jules Janin's portrait-gallery is Petronius; but the "Satyricon," whether it be a work of the Neronian age or not, is not obscure. On the contrary, allowing for its mutilations and exaggerations, it presents us with an unsurpassed sketch of the luxury and misery, the fortune-hunters and adventurers, the vices and the follies which were undermining Roman society generations before an Alaric or a Theodoric planted his banner in the capital of the world.

In the sketches of M. Jules Janin, and in the originals from which they are drawn, it is plain there was more of the old Roman type extant in the time of Horace than there was in that of Ovid; and that when Pliny composed his Epistles it was easier to be honest and outspoken than it was when Quintilian was teaching Domitian's nephews—M. Jules Janin calls them his sons—to declaim against tyrants, or to give counsel to Sulla. The one was labouring in his vocation during those fifteen years of silence, or of servile adulation, imposed by his master; the other wrote when thought and speech were again unfettered. In Martial, again, we find traces both of the age of fear and the age of freedom—of such freedom, at least, as the Imperial system at any time could securely permit. The hungry flatterer of Domitian becomes a new creature under the mild Nerva and the just Trajan. "Et spes et ratio studiorum in Cæsare tantum," is a line of wider application than perhaps its author intended it to be. The Cæsar of the moment affected the minds scarcely less than the persons of his subjects. In the latter years of Tiberius, literature was nearly extinct; under Trajan and the Antonines it revived, because then it was free for all "sentire quæ velint et loqui quæ sentiant." Under Augustus, poets and historians must have been very indiscreet to get into serious scrapes with Cæsar; under Domitian, they needed all the discretion they could muster and all the powers of adulation they possessed to keep out of them.

M. Jules Janin must not be followed with implicit confidence as a guide. He is, indeed, often portentously inaccurate. Cato the elder (l'ancien) he makes a contemporary of Cicero's friend, Pomponius Atticus. Atticus, we know, lived to a good old age, seven years beyond the Psalmist's allowance; but, in order to have been contemporary with the red-haired, grey-eyed, truculent censor, Atticus must have been old as the "treble-dated crow," older than either Parr of the pills, or Jenkyns with his superabundant cover-

ing of hair. He taxes the grammarian Verrius Flaccus with an indiscretion towards Pomponia, the daughter of Atticus, similar, says our lively author, to Abelard's towards Eloisa. But he has read Suetonius with more haste than heed. The tutor whom papa Atticus was obliged to turn out of doors was not Verrius Flaccus, but Cæcilius the Epirot, who ought accordingly to bear the blame of his own bad behaviour. He confounds old and young Marius, ranks Field-Marshal Vipsanius Agrippa among celebrated orators, and speaks of Juvenal as a grey-haired centurion in Nero's time. Horace, in his morning walks, amuses himself by watching the tricks of fortune-tellers in the circus—*assistit divinis*. M. Jules Janin, with translator Creech, makes that "Parcus deorum cultor" "go to church and pray" ("il assistait aux cérémonies de son temple"). Neither is he more lucky when he descends to modern days. He rolls into one Sir John Fielding immortalized by Hogarth, and Henry Fielding immortalized by himself. He even adds a character to Shakespeare unknown to Mr. Dyce or any other editor—Mrs. Mary Accost—about whom inquiry should be made of Andrew Aguecheek, Knight. We had culled a few more of the curiosities of Jules-Janinistic literature, but these will perhaps suffice to whet our readers' curiosity. And indeed, recollecting the dulness of most English and all German books on Roman literature, we are disposed to be lenient to M. Jules Janin's slips in consideration of his lively mode of handling the subject. Perhaps he will allege that writers with ready pens, like sober law, "de minimis non curant."

In his essays on Horace and Ovid, M. Jules Janin traces, very justly and adroitly, the progress of literary servility in Rome. There are few more agreeable glimpses of ancient life—usually, in Rome at least, a formal, political, military-drill kind of existence—than those which exhibit the kindly relations between the great leaders of the Senate and the poets or philosophers attached to their retinues or households. The envoy Polybius was not treated by the destroyer of Carthage with more respect than was the freedman Terence. Sometimes, indeed, a worldly-wise Crassus kept his philosopher scant of hat or tunic, but this was an exception to the general treatment of literary men by their civil or military patrons. There is nothing in the records of such dependence more touching than Mæcenas's dying bequest of Horace to Augustus—"Horatii Flacci, ut mei, memor esto." There are no records of Augustus more creditable to him than the letters he addressed to his "homuncio lepidissimus." Nor is there any spot of servility in Horace's relations to either the minister or the master of the Roman world. The freedman's son speaks his mind without reserve; he even refuses a good offer from Cæsar without giving offence. He boasts, with decent pride, of his intimacy with them—"Principibus placuisse viros non ultima laus est." His praise of Augustus is not half so extravagant as the compliments lavished on Elizabeth by Spenser, Raleigh, or the grave Bacon; nor did the temperate Augustus expect from his favourites a tithe of the fulsome adulation exacted by James I. The incense of Horace is offered to Cæsar as the representative and the author of peace, order, and security, and the poet had good right to recognise these merits. He had been an eye-witness of the death-throes of the Commonwealth, and, as he thought at the moment, of freedom also. But he had reason to change his opinion. He, in a few years—living meanwhile on a clerk's poor pay, and occasionally enlivening a small circle with some delicate satire—discerned that, even had the result of Philippi been reversed, the triumph of Brutus and Cassius must have been brief. The *via prima salutis* lay in the opposite quarter—namely, in that precocious young gentleman who had signed the death-warrants of the poet's party as coolly as he afterwards signed orders on the Treasury for the poet's advantage. From Sextus Pompeius no good was to be hoped—none from the able but ill-guided M. Antonius. Octavius alone had the will, and gradually acquired the power, to re-establish peace, and to save all that was worth saving in Rome from lingering or speedy destruction. It was the old strife between the Python and Apollo renewed by human antagonists, and an occasional compliment to the victorious Apollo was a cheap price to pay for security of life and goods.

M. Jules Janin remarks that, if there was much liking for the man, there was also sound policy in attaching to his person the ex-republican poet. He had proved the sharpness of his pen both before and since he was admitted into the household of Mæcenas. More than one of Cæsar's former antagonists still murmured at his ascendancy, and entertained at their tables verse-men or prose-men, poets or philosophers, able to indite biting satires. Horace had borne arms against Cæsar, and if the surly Asinius Pollio should take a fancy to the satirical treasury clerk, he might do Cæsar a mischief. Mæcenas, indeed, had given the little Cerberus a sop. But there is no reckoning on the faith of the versifying tribe; he had hitched Mæcenas and Agrippa also into rhyme—"fœnum habet in cornu." By all means let Horace be on Cæsar's side. The relations which possibly began with prudence ripened into more generous sentiments, and Augustus came to value his *homuncionem lepidissimum* as much as Mæcenas himself.

Ovid, twenty-two years younger than Horace, had not Horace's experience. He had not stood on the brink of the revolutionary abyss. That gulf was sealed before his earliest verses were written. He was only thirteen years old when Alexandria opened its vacant halls to the last victor in the long civil war. He began to be pointed out by the finger of applause when Augustus was firmly seated in his high place, and when none but a few fanatics, the fifth-monarchy men of Rome, continued to

dream of Cassius, last of the Romans, or a Senate composed of Paullus, Fabricius, and Cato. He saw only the bright side of the new order of things. He was in comfortable circumstances; the *peritica tristitia* had not diminished his paternal acres. He mixed in good society. He had every motive for thinking the world as it was the best of all possible worlds, and, until the evil days came, its ruler the best of all possible rulers. His compliments to Augustus accordingly savoured more of the tributes which the great Louis received from Boileau and Racine than of the manly reverence and esteem which Horace tendered to his Caesar.

But the poet of the Caesar and the Court was reserved for degradation far lower than ever Ovid submitted to when he hoped that fair words would obtain his recall from the inhospitable Euxine. A time came when the ruling Caesar was, compared to Augustus, what Augustus was compared to Cato or Regulus—a time when men, for whom the sack, ape, and viper were befitting, were worshipped—a time when the civilized world lay at the mercy of a ruler more capricious and cruel than Paul of Russia. The life of Martial, as traced by himself and by M. Jules Janin, is among the saddest of stories; and its sadness is aggravated by our knowledge that Martial was miserable because he was weak. Poverty was not the cause of his servility. In his own country and his native place he possessed means of honest independence and undisturbed leisure. He had abilities which, properly employed, might have raised him to a level with Ovid, perhaps even with Horace. But he preferred the service of Domitian to the freedom of the muses, and never was client more justly served by a patron, since the client courted the affronts and injuries which he received. Martial, who at Bilbilis was courted and respected, could think himself well nowhere but at Rome. There he wasted voluntarily the best years of his life, nor does he scruple to admit that he surrendered his freedom in order to gratify his vanity. The crusts he sued for were often denied. His Imperial patron gave him a house in some filthy suburb of Rome, and some high-born Mæcenas gave him the tiles to keep out wind and water. Another encourager of literature gave him a ring which his (the encourager's) mistress meant to give to her chamber-maid; and a third and more humane, yet perhaps "bloated aristocrat," sent him at the end of autumn a warm woollen cloak (second-hand), wanting which Martial had beheld with dismay the snow capping Mount Soracte. He stopped short, as far as we learn, of the *gaol*; otherwise Martial had full experience of

— the ills the scholar's life assail.

Quintilian was more prosperous than Martial, his contemporary; for he was a tutor in the Imperial family, had many pupils from royal and wealthy families, is said by Juvenal, who grudged him his opportunities, to have had a considerable fortune, and became *de rhetore consul*—at least, he wore for a few days or weeks the consular trappings. What was the price he paid for honour? Swift at the second table in Sir William Temple's house, Hume in charge of a lunatic, Goldsmith as an usher in a third-rate boarding-school, Johnson drumming for Osborne the bookseller, paid a less. For Quintilian, to keep body and soul together, was fain to applaud Domitian's verses and declamations—applause that would have shocked the modesty of Virgil and satiated the cupidity of Cicero. "Unhappy Dryden," is the emphatic comment of Pope on that great poet's position in the days of Charles II. Unhappy Quintilian, we may exclaim, yet more unhappy Martial, casting their pearls before swine! In each case, noble gifts and noble natures were debased by serving a master who drove men into exile or put them to death because they had not Oæric's gift of agreeing with him about the weather:—

Sed quid violentius aure tyranni  
Cum quo de pluvii, aut æstibus, aut nimboso  
Vere loquatur fatum pendebat amici?

or because they happened to differ from him about the favourite on a Roman Derby-day.

M. Jules Janin makes short work with critics. The age of Petronius is doubtful—a century more or less intervening in the several computations as to the time at which he wrote. He however pronounces, *ex cathedra*, that the "Satyricon" is a picture of the *notæ carneque* Neronis—that Trimalchion is that emperor, and Petronius that master of the ceremonies, whose death is so graphically described by Tacitus. We cannot here enter on the threshold even of this much-vexed question. We only submit that the "Satyricon" is evidently the work of divers hands—one of which wrote in pure Latin style, the other, or more probably the others, writing in the *lingua commune* of Rome—whether it were in the days of Nero or of Commodus, or even at a later period. M. Jules Janin gives a lively abstract of Trimalchion's banquet. He might have found a parallel for it in some of the *soupers* of the Regency, where an equal grossness was displayed. But he has not remarked that the same or similar vulgarity pervaded nearly every Roman banquet on record. The supper of the *Augurs*, described by Macrobius, surpasses in inebriant plenty the most redundant of Mansion House dinners; and as for the quality of Roman dainties, we are amazed, not so much at the guests' feasts as trencher-men, as at their having any appetite at all after the covers were removed. Rome was, in fact, a nation of nabobs. The few who amassed fortunes grew suddenly rich; they regarded vulgar plenty and ostentatious display as synonymous with good taste; and the "Banquet of Trimalchion," allowing for satirical amplification, is a picture of the hospitable boards of Hortensius and Lucullus. The "Satyricon" contains more instructive matter than "Trimalchion's Banquet." It exhibits

in lively colours the condition of patrons and parasites, the omnipotence of the *nouveaux riches*, the servility of hungry clients, the insolence of the *amphitryons où l'on dine*, the mortifications of the hungry herd who dined with them. Alderman Beckford might have figured as Trimalchion had he omitted asking Churchill to dinner, or had Churchill not happened to be the friend of John Wilkes. Beckford declared that the Whigs should "eat none of his broth" unless they signed, before grace was said, a Remonstrance against the American war. Trimalchion hints that his hungry and thirsty guests had better applaud his verses if they meant to fall upon his turbot and venison. Where-withal a young man and a fasting should order his way in the Roman world is also amply explained in the "Satyricon" of Petronius. The parasite of Plautus is a key to the Petronian mysteries. M. Jules Janin might have illustrated "Trimalchion's Banquet" with sundry apt passages from that early and scarcely surpassed farce-writer.

Our author's account of Pliny and his Epistles is the best portion of his book. He really appreciates the nobility, generosity, cultivation, and learning of that truly Roman gentleman. Coleridge unfairly contrasts Pliny, as "a very fine gentleman," with Cicero as a real gentleman. Certainly there is a spice of the coxcomb in Pliny, but is there not also a quantum of the *précieux* in Tully? Pliny performed more generous actions than Cicero. He portioned the daughters of his friends, he comforted his friends' widows in their affliction, he endowed schools, he looked well to the comforts of his tenantry, he encouraged and applauded literary men, he was as mild and just in his Bithynian proconsulship as Cicero was in his Cilician. His purse was always open, and it appears to have been never empty. In his domestic relations he was amiable, and his applause of Trajan, as M. Jules Janin remarks, is a covert assertion of freedom, and scarcely a disguised satire on tyranny. His pictures of Roman life, his portraits of Spurinna and Terentius, are valuable to the historian, inasmuch as they prove that the corruptions of the age were mostly confined to the capital, or to great cities, while there was in the country a leaven of pure life and simple habits. Nothing is more to Pliny's credit than his recognition of the superior gifts of Tacitus. We might have had the "Annals" and "History" of Pliny had he not discerned and bowed to the superior genius of his friend. M. Jules Janin might have easily written a better account of the "Poetry and Eloquence of Rome in the Time of the Cæsars," but he might also have written a worse. He is not a safe guide, but he is a very pleasant *compagnon de voyage*, having the transcendent merit of being never dull, though generally superficial and often inaccurate. We have read his volume as if he were conversing with us. When shall we be able to speak as favourably of any English historian of Roman literature?

#### ESSAYS ON SELF-GOVERNMENT.\*

THE state of political affairs in France appears to be directing a great deal of attention to the working of our own institutions. Almost every French book published at present upon political subjects dwells more or less upon the contrast between liberty, as we understand it, and the want of it which exists in France. There is a uniformity of style about these speculations which, it must be owned, is tedious. They go on, with touching good faith, preaching the same sort of things about self-government, liberty and order, the freedom of the press, and other topics which are to us the most threadbare of all commonplaces. It is to be hoped that they persuade somebody, and probably they do, but to English readers it is not very interesting to read a set of elaborate panegyrics on things which to them are prosaic. It is ungracious, perhaps, to read with indifference praises of institutions which in the main, and on the whole, are justly dear to all of us; but the title of "the Just" was probably rather tiresome to Aristides himself as well as to his neighbours, and there is so much that is feeble, second-rate, and poor in all we see about us that there is something hardly satisfactory in an elaborate defence and laudation of England and the English. It is pleasanter to be blamed. That at least shows us our own faces from a point of view which is not our own. A foreigner who tries to catch our point of view, and does not altogether succeed, is uninteresting almost in proportion as he is complimentary. No doubt, however, it ought to be borne in mind that nearly the only way in which a Frenchman in the present day can attack the state of things which exists in France is by praising England and English institutions, and by forcing his fellow-countrymen, if possible, to understand the practical advantages which arise from a free government.

M. — begins his essay on England with a set of small historical sketches, intended to illustrate some of the leading features of the English system of government, and especially the advantages of an aristocracy such as we possess. He says, "I maintain an apparent paradox in maintaining that there can be no durable liberty without an aristocracy." He then goes on to explain that he means, by an aristocracy, a rich and well-educated class, fitted by their habits of life and of thought for understanding and managing the affairs of the nation, and invested by the law and practice of the country with considerable influence over them. This, so far from being a paradox, is surely

\* *L'Angleterre. Études sur le Self-Government.* Par M. —. Paris: 1864.



almost a truism. If a man is to make a profession of politics, and if he is to do so upon independent terms—that is, if it is to be a matter of secondary importance to him whether or not he holds office—he must be rich and well-educated. But he cannot make his fortune, either in professional or in commercial life, till he has reached middle age, and therefore, if he is to take to politics young, his wealth must be inherited. But a class of men who are well educated, who inherit wealth, and who take a prominent part in politics, are an aristocracy, as we in this country have understood the word, or rather have possessed the thing, for centuries. This is so plain that to state it is to prove it. In illustration of the services rendered to the country by men of this class, M. — gives a short sketch of the principal English statesmen from Walpole to Sir Robert Peel, and of two or three of the most remarkable of our late measures—such as the Reform Bill, Catholic Emancipation, and the repeal of the Corn Laws. They are described with a laudable spirit, but in the regular thin French style—a style which is perfectly unconscious of the fact that it is commonplace, and which hardly ever, even by chance, goes beyond the most ordinary routine of observations, thrown nevertheless into a certain philosophical shape. It may, however, be said on behalf of M. —, that his chapters on these topics are by no means a bad *résumé* of a fairly good and sensible set of commonplaces on measures about which almost all reasonable people are by this time perfectly well agreed.

After describing the great political discussions of the day, M. — proceeds to take a rapid glance at a great number of other subjects, such as English agriculture and commerce, the appearance of London, the administration of justice, literature, legislation, &c. He is by no means so happy in this part of his book as he was amongst the commonplaces, where, with the help of Lord Macaulay, Mr. Hallam, and M. de Tocqueville, he was able to get through his work in a pretty safe and satisfactory manner. It is by no means so easy to describe the laws of a country and the organization of its courts of law, as it is to get up the approved and correct view of the political questions of the day. In this part of his work, accordingly, M. — falls into mistake after mistake in a way which shows that he has not really studied England, but has contented himself with learning the theories approved and recognised by almost all sensible people upon a few leading subjects. This might be illustrated from almost every chapter of this part of the book. Passing over a disquisition on the subject of codification, of which M. — obviously knows nothing at all, for the subject requires much special knowledge, we come to an inquiry into the leading points of English legislation, which are as follows:—Flogging in the army, the impressment of sailors, the observance of Sunday, arrest for debt, laws on poaching, divorce, affiliation orders, and “secret mortgages.” The list is an odd one, and the remarks on the different matters selected are odder than the selection itself. For instance, as to flogging, M. — either does not know or does not mention the restrictions lately introduced into the practice, and especially the rule that a man, in common cases, cannot be flogged until he has been sentenced by court-martial to be degraded into the class which is liable to that punishment. As to impressment, he does not say a word about the system of naval volunteers which has practically superseded the press-gang, nor does he say that for nearly fifty years no sailor has been pressed. As to the “laws for the observance of Sunday,” he does not explain what they are. Except that Sunday trading is forbidden, there is nothing but the feeling of the people to prevent the Sunday from being spent here as it is in France. As to arrest for debt, he says, “Imprisonment is practised in England with extreme ease. Arrest for debt is the base of English commercial legislation.” He is probably not aware that arrest on mesne process, except where the debtor is in *meditatione fugæ*, has been abolished for many years, and that arrest in execution is now mitigated to such a degree that a man can hardly stay in prison for more than a month or six weeks even if he wishes it. In speaking of the laws about poaching he merely repeats commonplaces of the vaguest kind. As to divorce, he informs his readers that a divorce *a vinculo* “ne peut être prononcé que par un bill du parlement.” He must have got this commonplace out of a very old authority.

The most grotesque of all his remarks is upon what he calls the “Recherche de la paternité,” which, being interpreted, seems to mean the law of affiliation orders. These blessings to society are, it appears, unknown in France. Their effects in England are obvious to all the world. The following account of them appears to us one of the queerest passages that ever were written:—“Thanks to this salutary law, our neighbours can leave a certain liberty to their daughters; they circulate under the safeguard of the law. With this viaticum they may mix in male society without fear of being compromised.” How many of the young women who “circulate” in our parks and drawing-rooms are aware of the bulwark by which they are protected? Little as they think it, their real guardian is the weekly half-crown which they might extract from the pocket of a vile seducer by appearing at the Middlesex Sessions and submitting to be cross-examined by those ornaments to the bar who there exchange amenities with the Deputy Judge. Certainly, if unmarried Englishmen are kept to the paths of virtue by the fear of having to pay a maximum of *£l. 10s.* a year—*4s.* more than a club subscription—they must be a wonderful race. M. —’s remark about “secret mortgages” is noticeable as a proof of the mischief done by ignorant novelists. He says, “The want of publicity in mortgages breeds those interminable suits which exercise

so well the wit of humourists. Dickens has found a perfect mine in English procedure.” He goes on to say that, as the inconvenience is not remedied, it is probably exaggerated. A man who writes upon such a subject ought to have some better authority than a mere novel. The fact that mortgages are not registered is no grievance at all, nor is it the source of interminable suits, nor are English suits interminable. M. — has got hold of the whole subject entirely at the wrong end. English real property law is intricate and unsatisfactory enough, but the non-registration of mortgages has nothing to do with it. No form of security is more common, more convenient, or more strictly private than an equitable mortgage, and to prevent it would be a grievous hardship.

If M. — were himself a novelist he could not be more unlucky with his law. He always gets it wrong. He says in a chapter on the Courts of Law:—“The head of the magistrature is the Lord High Chancellor. The magistrates are nominated and paid by the Crown. They are removable. Justices of the peace are not paid.” A man who does not know that the fifteen Judges are removable only on an address from both Houses of Parliament, and that the Vice-Chancellors are on the same footing, has no business to write about the English Constitution. M. — seems to have no distinct notion of the difference between the County Court judges and the judges of the Courts of Westminster Hall. He says that if the County Court judges were made irremovable and elective, the administration of justice in England would be as respectable as it is in America. Perhaps it might, but we had rather let it alone. No English agitator has ever thought of proposing to make the Judges elective.

Elsewhere he describes the criminal courts. He says that what the French call *contraventions* are in England tried before justices of the peace; that *délits* are tried before “two magistrates in petty sessions, or in certain towns a Recorder, who is equivalent to two magistrates,” or else before the police courts; and that “*crimes* are reserved for the assize courts.” He is altogether wrong. Some *crimes*, in the technical French sense of the word, are reserved for assize courts, and some *contraventions* are reserved for justices of the peace; but the great mass of offences of all sorts are cognisable by the assize courts and the courts of quarter session. He obviously confounds the quarter sessions with the petty sessions; and recorders are in no sense of the word equivalent to two justices. He makes the confusion greater by talking, in the next section, of the police magistrates as if they had a wider jurisdiction than the courts of petty session, and could dispose of offences of greater importance.

As to his account of English literature, it will perhaps be enough to quote one line:—“*Littérairement parlant, elle (l'Angleterre contemporaine) se résume en deux noms, Byron et Walter Scott.*” The book swarms with small mistakes, and with those constant misspellings of English names and words which one would suppose to be errors of the press if they did not occur in every French book, with hardly an exception. Thus, for instance, the Mutiny Act is repeatedly called *le meeting bill*, or Meeting Act. As this happens three times in a few pages, it can hardly be a misprint. After describing the universities, he speaks of the public schools:—“*Les établissements d'instruction secondaire sont innombrables et absolument libres. On désigne parmi les plus célèbres Eton, Harrow, King's et Trinity College.*” As for proper names, we have Chatam, Jame Watt, Kinglathe, Crokes (Croker) Schadevell (Shadwell), Yung, Blake (Black), and such words as yomen, schoals, statut's book, and shop-beers for beer-shops. These are trifles in themselves, but, taken in connexion with serious blunders, they give a character to the book.

## DALETH.\*

THE words “Egypt Illustrated” do not appear on the outside of this volume. As long therefore as we look at the outside, we may enjoy the puzzle of asking what land is intended by the words “Homestead of the Nations,” and why that land, whatever it may be, should be called after the fourth letter of the Hebrew alphabet. The explanatory words in the title-page, if they do not remove, at least divert our difficulties. We are as puzzled as before to say why Egypt should be called the “Homestead of the Nations,” but we hazard a faint guess that, as the Hebrew Daleth answers to the Greek Delta, “Daleth” may be a grand way of expressing the Delta of the Nile. It seems, however, that our guess is a vain one; we are not certain what Mr. Clark does mean, but he at least does not mean this. Of so deep a mystery we must leave him to be himself the hierophant, so far at least as ordinary types can reproduce his text, and so far as ordinary understandings can expect to take in his meaning:—

Daleth, the ancient Hebrew letter (ד), signifies “a door.” It is not a stranger in the sacred Chaldaic (ܐ) or the Phœnician alphabet (𐤎), and some believe that it came with the Greek letter Delta (Δ) from the land of the Pharaohs. However this may be, long centuries before Abraham wandered from Ur of the Chaldees, or Sidon laid the foundation at Phœnician cities, or Homer sang to the rude Greeks, the priests of Egypt, surrounded by the wealth and splendor of an advanced civilization, cut Δ deep on their temple walls. But when questioned of its age, they might have pointed to this character in the imperishable outline of the Pyramids—their own types, in form and material, of that eternal essence of which they were a perpetual reminder; for beyond those letters, cut in stone, their “doors of Amenti,” or the land of the dead, had passed the race of a hundred kings, bearing their history with them into the land of silence. From whatever

\* Daleth, or the Homestead of the Nations. *Egypt Illustrated*. By Edward L. Clark. London: Sampson Low & Co. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1864.

country we look back along the pathway of the arts and sciences, in the dim distance tower the mighty gateways of EGYPT—THE HOMESTEAD OF THE NATIONS—beneath which the rites of religion and the blessings of civilization have passed out into the world; and with grateful respect we confess that on the banks of the Nile stands the true DALETH of the nations.

*Daleth* then, after all, is nothing but another book about Egypt, by an American traveller, certainly very prettily illustrated and got up; but there our praises must end. The matter is such as might have been expected from the absurdity of the title. Mr. Clark writes throughout in an excited sort of style, though, as far as mere style goes, we have certainly seen wilder specimens. But we know very few books where blunders lie thicker on the ground. Mr. Clark prudently avoids giving references; but his text is crowded with names, quotations, and allusions, and, as a general rule, every name, quotation, or allusion is made the occasion for a blunder. It is hard to throw oneself into the position of such a writer as Mr. Clark. The position of the real scholar and that of the mere sight-seer are both of them simple and intelligible. But Mr. Clark belongs to neither class. He must have read a good deal—at least he must have turned over a good many books—to have got together the necessary raw material for his blunders. Such a process implies some desire of knowledge, some trouble laid out in the vain attempt to acquire it, and even something approaching to the nature of thought. How is it that all this brings forth so little result? The philosophy of blundering is really a very curious subject, and might well deserve an essay to itself.

One thing, however, is plain in the particular case of Mr. Clark. It is evident that all his Egyptian lore was got up for the nonce. Books, authors, princes, are all spoken of in that particular way in which they are spoken of only by those who have just made their acquaintance. We are half inclined to envy Mr. Clark when he shows that some familiar story has still for him all the charms of novelty; still he need hardly have written a book merely to set forth his own gushing feelings. Because things are new to him, he is eager to show off his knowledge of them; but, alas, the sort of knowledge acquired by getting up one's Greek and Latin on purpose for an Egyptian pilgrimage can really come to nothing except such displays as we find in the pages of *Daleth*.

Here is a specimen:—

It is recorded in praise of Agamemnon, that he wore a breastplate of hard iron, and ornamented his chariot-wheels at the siege of Troy with fine bronze. These may have been wonders to Homer. Yet the Egyptians made use of all the metals, and represented their colors perfectly in the paintings of the tomb. Indeed, what would seem impossible to a people who could cut the most wonderful signet-rings? The magnifying-glass reveals no imperfections in them. Many are the tales of these rings. Among them we read of Amasis, the last of the prosperous kings of Egypt, who was united by treaties and friendship with Polycrates, tyrant of Samos. His seal of emerald, engraved and set in gold, was the admiration of the world. But when Amasis told him to avert harm by throwing away the thing he loved most, he dropped it in the Nile. In a few days a fish of unusual size was taken, and in it lay the ring. Upon this Amasis broke his treaty, saying the gods surely meditated some evil to so fortunate a man.

He is a bold man who ventures to tell yet again the story of the ring of Polycrates. Still Mr. Clark, to whom the tale is evidently quite new, is in possession of a source of pleasure from which other people are cut off. But this does not justify him in calling Samos Samosa. And almost funnier still is the grave way of referring to Agamemnon's breast-plate, as if the account of it were found not in a poem, but in an inventory of the contents of the Treasury at Mycenæ. How new everything is to Mr. Clark appears from the little explanations which he puts after everybody's name—"Thales, the celebrated Greek astronomer," "Pliny, the Roman writer." Mr. Clark had apparently only just found out who Thales and Pliny were, and, out of a kind feeling for readers who might be in the same case, he puts these little accounts of them to prevent mistakes. Happily, as far as Thales and Pliny are concerned, Mr. Clark's description, though perhaps a little meagre, is true as far as it goes. But it is more likely to produce mistakes than to prevent them when we read—

Apollonius Rhodius, many centuries before Christ, declares that roads were laid out by astronomical calculations. Another historian, Eustathius, assures us that the marches of the armies were recorded on maps which were given to the people, and that the Scythians marvelled at the exactness with which the names of towns and distances were preserved.

Mr. Clark's notions of numeration must be vague to place Apollonius "many centuries before Christ." Apollonius, moreover, it would seem, is an "historian," and Eustathius "another historian." A traveller was once shown at Lausanne the place where Gibbon "wrote his poem"; Mr. Clark makes matters straight between two great departments of literature by transferring the author of the *Argonautics* to the place thus left empty by the author of the *Decline and Fall*. As for the historian Eustathius, he may pass as a supernumerary—as some barbarous Byzantine about whom no one will take the trouble to look him up either in the Paris or the Bonn edition. Now, if Mr. Clark had only left out the words "many centuries before Christ" and "another historian," no one would have found out that he did not know the dates of Eustathius and Apollonius and the real character of their writings. In the following passage escape would hardly be so easy:—

Anacreon, who flourished in the age of Thales, refers in a drinking ode to the light which the moon borrows from the sun. Aristotle says the Pythagoreans taught in Italy what was learned at Heliopolis, of the earth revolving round its centre, making day and night; and also of its moving about the sun, as the centre of our system. Plutarch says the Milky-Way is composed of stars, the earth is round, the heavenly bodies are attracted to

each other, and all are impelled in their order. Democritus confirms this, and adds that the centre of the earth is full of fire.

The gravity of Mr. Clark's reference to Anacreon is amusing, and moreover he lets out the fact that he believes the so-called Odes of Anacreon to be genuine. There is also something very new and striking in the notion of Democritus, whose writings Mr. Clark seems to have had open before him, confirming the sayings of Plutarch and adding to what he said. Here again is a piece of chronology, and indeed of eloquence into the bargain, conceived quite in the same vein:—

We gain a new idea of the antiquity of Egypt when we reflect on the many long centuries which have passed since this city [Alexandria], which received her learning, and scattered it among all the nations, has been neglected. Perhaps, like Volney, we are tempted to say that we did not come to see a later Greek city. Truly, Alexandria was young when Memphis was in her dotage, yet to our world how old does she seem! Romulus had not watched the flight of the birds on the Palatine when she sprang into life. The stream of learning flowed through her gates to the land of Greece, when as yet Etruria was a lair of wild beasts.

After first believing in Romulus and then placing him after Alexander, it is a light matter to confound contemporaries like Cæsar and Pompey. Yet surely it is rather hard on the faithful husband of Cornelia to tell us that

Cleopatra, whose sweetness and gayety conquered the ambition of brave Pompey after he was thrice crowned in the Capitol of Rome, who spoke in their native tongue with all her ambassadors, Greek and Egyptian, Troglodytic, Hebrew, Arabic, and Syriac, no more spreads her silken sails on the sea, or holds the midnight hours of revel in the fallen Bruchion.

Yet only a few pages before we find the following brilliant description:—

On the west is the sea, and the great Pharos, four hundred and fifty feet high, with the light of its fires shining over the waves for a hundred miles. Beneath it are moored the strange ships and rude barges. Forests of masts mingle with the gay standards of ambassadors and kings, and the little boats ply back and forth laden with the riches of every clime. Among them is a small skiff urged by a single rower between the trimmings and merchantmen. It contains a veiled figure and a servant. They hurry past the temple of Neptune, which opens its doors for the votive offerings of the restored sailors. They hasten by the great buildings, the fortified granaries, and the citadels. They have disappeared in a humble house. Soon the servant comes forth alone, with a bale of cloth, as it seems, upon his back. He staggers under his load, and, passing the guard, comes at length into the apartments of Cæsar's palace. It is Apollonius bearing Cleopatra into the presence of the Emperor!

To be sure, one is a little staggered at the picture of the divine Julius already adorned with the title of Emperor and seemingly reigning quite quietly in his palace at Alexandria. Still these are light matters, after we have set right the question of personal identity between the conqueror of Pharsalia and the conquered. Turn back yet a few more pages, and we find some other historical "follower," though we must own we are a little puzzled about "skoinos" and we do not catch the exact allusion to "Pickwick Societies":—

What a descent from their grandeur would it be if they should still retain their name of "Cleopatra's Needles," for some Pickwick societies to prove therefrom the industry and home life of the dark-eyed queen! Shakespeare would lose ground, and Antony become an injured man. Some antiquarian, having discovered that he bore a "skoinos" through Asia, and finding that the word skoins is derived from "skoinos"—both a Greek and Egyptian word for reeds, from which twine or thread was made—would represent Antony, not with a sceptre of reeds, but holding skeins of silk for the needle-loving Cleopatra as her barge swept down the Cydnus to the music of a hundred instruments.

Here is another fine bit about Alexandria:—

These ruins are not that Alexandria which was in its decline when the Roman monk Augustine landed in Kent, as a missionary to the Saxons. This is not the famous city which the Arabs came out of Arabia to conquer, as the Crusaders hastened to Jerusalem, or the Greeks to Troy. This is not the city which held the key to Egypt when the ministers of the infant autocrat, Epiphanes, without army or treasures, threw it into the hand of the Romans to save it from the kings of Lycia and Macedon. This is not the city which was the glorious capital of science for eight centuries under the Ptolemies, when Euclid gave his problems to the world, Aratus sang, Apollonius and Lucian, the Voltaire of the ancients, wrote; when Clemens Alexandrina and Justin Martyr and Origen held schools of learning; when, Athens having lost her genius with her liberty, and Rome being as yet a rude town, all the learning of the world was entertained by her hospitality. In those days another Alexandria lay spread out like a map beneath this column. It is this city we would visit.

The hermaphrodite personage called "Clemens Alexandrina" must, we should think, have been own brother or sister to "Alexius Comnena," with whom we amused our readers some while ago. But the Kings of Lycia! We turn back to the title-page to be quite sure, and the word Boston stares us in the face. Kings of Lycia, and that from a citizen of the United States!

Ὁ δὲ μαρτυρῶν, ταῦτα δὲ ἀναγχαίρει.

Surely a citizen of Massachusetts who has so deeply studied the historians Apollonius and Eustathius might have got far enough into Strabo to have heard of the first Confederation which ever apportioned votes to population. Or is his Highness the Lyciarch thus posthumously crowned as an invitation to President Lincoln to assume the diadem? Perhaps the most charitable interpretation is that Mr. Clark, to whom a few centuries matter so little, transported Glaucus and Sarpedon into the Polybian age. After all, if we rightly remember, "the Kings of Lycia and Macedon" resolve themselves into one King of Syria, but as the Kings of Syria were of Macedonian blood, it is perhaps allowable, in such a style as Mr. Clark's, to speak of them as "Kings of Macedon." Anyhow, as Mr. Clark is so fond of explaining things, it would have been only kind to explain that the Aratus who, as he truly



observes, "sang" at Alexandria was quite a different person from the Aratus whom, if he had ever heard of him, he would probably speak of as "King of Achaia."

Mr. Clark is troubled by none of the sceptical difficulties of Sir George Lewis. Here is a grand description of the first doubling of the Cape:—

Then the pilots were commanded to find another channel from the Red Sea to the Nile. They pushed boldly southward along the shore, till the gold-mines of Egypt sank beneath the horizon, till Ethiopia no longer reached out her friendly bays, but their ships swept over an unknown sea. Every morning, when the sun rose, the sails cast a shadow from the masts straight before them, and strange hills were on their right, but still they pressed on, now with sails and now with oars. The third year finds them on their voyage. Three times they draw the willing keels high up on the sands, and sow the seed, and reap the harvest. Three times they fill the ships with bread, and creep along the shore. At length Gibraltar is passed, and the pillars of Hercules. The low and well-remembered hills of Africa lie on their right, and the afternoon sun points the masts homeward. And when the turbid Nile, rolling seaward, bore up their weatherbeaten ship, not even the great boat of cedar, nearly five hundred feet long, dedicated to the god of Thebes, became half so famous as this frail bark. Their friends long since had given them up to the shades, but now their story became the pride of a people and the boast of their historians, and the boat was thought worthy of a place upon the tombs beside the royal barges.

How grandly again and how learnedly is the early maritime dominion of Egypt made out on the combined authority of Professor Heeren, Ctenis, and Iamblichus! Such everyday people as Herodotus and Solon were hardly worth adding to the list:—

There is a tradition that the Cretans held the sea, but lost it long ere the siege of Troy. Upon the Egyptian monuments at Thebes, which were built more than twelve hundred years before Christ, at the very time that Professor Heeren thinks the Egyptian and Phœnician colonies came into Greece, there is represented a sea-fight between the Cretans and the Carians, who were the allies of Egypt. At this same time the race of Shepherd Kings, hated, among other reasons, for their bold and enterprising spirit, were expelled from the land, and most mysteriously disappear from history. May they not have conquered the Cretans by the aid of the Carians, and fled to Greece? Herodotus believed that his native land owed all her glory to Egypt. Ctenis and Iamblichus and many other writers confess the same obligation. Erechtheus, King of Athens, some say, was born on the Nile; and the Eleusinian mysteries were cradled on its banks. Even Solon, the great Athenian lawgiver, comes to Naucratis with olive-oil, seeking corn and jewels and knowledge in exchange.

Directly after follows a very puzzling bit:—

It is hardly necessary to speak of Rome, whose finest galleys could hardly be compared with those of Ptolemy Philometer, with their forty banks of oars, decks four hundred and seventy-eight feet long, and counting their rowers and soldiers by thousands. Many a Roman temple was built with money from Egypt, which yielded even under the indolent Ptolemy, as Gibbon states, twelve million dollars yearly.

Ptolemy Philometer is doubtless quite different from "the indolent Ptolemy," who again can hardly be "the great Epiphanes," of whom Mr. Clark reverentially speaks elsewhere. The puzzle is, how the maritime greatness of Egypt under her Greek Kings can prove anything as to the days when Mr. Clark would have us believe that Greece learned of Egypt. This bit about "the indolent Ptolemy" is a curious exception to the respectful tone which Mr. Clark commonly adopts when speaking of that whole dynasty. "Who would consider," he asks in another place, "such men as the Ptolemies cruel?" To speak of "the Ptolemies" in a lump is like speaking of the American Presidents in a lump, and arguing that Mr. Lincoln can never have made a bad joke, because we may be sure that Washington never did.

One more heathen, and we will turn to a more sacred personage. We have the story of Rhodopis and her slipper told with all the glee of a new discoverer, but, strange to say, she appears under a name which we never saw before except as the French corruption of Rudolf:—

Near the first Pyramid, as if nestling there for companionship, is the small pyramid-tomb of Rodolphe. It has no inscription upon its walls, but its story has descended to us upon the pages of Herodotus. The imposing tomb of Cecilia Metella on the Appian Way, with its inscription to an affectionate wife, is far less grand and less venerable, for it was many ages before the day of Romulus that fair Rodolphe came from Naucratis to seek her friend among the Nile cities. Whether it was the filial devotion of Ruth which brought her into this strange land, or the stern hand of want, we do not know; but the Egyptians ascribed it to the influence of the gods. Too humble for attendants, she came alone to the banks of the river, looking for the green papyrus plants, that under their shade she might bathe unnoticed. A keen-eyed eagle discovered the folds of her drapery, as they crept rustling to the shore, and no sooner had the Nile wooed her gentle limbs than he seized one of her sandals, and bore it aloft. Soon, however, fearing to bring such a memento into his household, or careless of his prize, he dropped it from his talons. The graceful sandal fell many a league from the owner, into the lap of a solemn Pharaoh, who sat on his throne of justice at Memphis. His sudden ire soon changed to admiration. Little slippers have steered many a ship of state, and even the monarch of Egypt began to feel a gentler influence than stern law, which had so long directed the measures of his courts. A royal order is issued. The palaces and villas of the entire land are searched by generals and priests and statesmen for a sandal; for Pharaoh said, "To whomsoever it may belong, she shall be my queen, by the love of Osiris and Isis." So the modest Rodolphe henceforth sat beside Pharaoh at Memphis, and rested beside him in Amenti. And Cinderella was a mummy centuries before the Exodus was written!

The slight difficulty about the dates of Rhodopis and Sappho and the Exodus and the foundation of Naucratis of course does not trouble Mr. Clark. We pass on to a higher theme. Mahometan poets have sung of the loves of Joseph and Zuleikha, and have conveniently killed Potiphar in order that the liberated slave might lawfully marry the widow. Mr. Clark has his little romance too, but, with a higher moral feeling, he disdains to treat of any loves but such as might be lawful from the beginning. "Attend, each beauteous Miss," as Byron says, to this glowing description of an enamoured patriarch:—

The boy became a young man, and bright flowers, whose seeds he had found among the grain of ancient lore, began to blossom for him in the garden of Heliopolis. The vast halls and majestic approaches now lost their awe in a deeper passion. The royal ring, the choice robes, and the second chariot in the land were forgotten, as he walked back and forth under the shadow of this monument. When the day had passed over the court at Memphis, and the Pyramids, throwing long shadows across the Nile, pointed to a faint star which was gleaming on the top of a certain obelisk, he welcomed the signal, and blessed the omen, as he hastened his chariot across the plain. He knew that Heliopolis had a greeting for him which was richer and more winning than the reverence of princes. Its stores were of more value to him than the granaries which threw open their doors to the seven years of plenty. The feelings which stirred his heart there were deeper than when the ten brethren came down from famished Syria to buy corn for their aged father. There was sweeter music in these halls than in the choirs of Isis in the temples of Memphis; for here Asenath, daughter of Poti-pherah, priest of On, waited for Joseph.

Has not Dante made Florence eloquent with the name of Beatrice? Does not Fiammetta seem to linger for Boccaccio in the twilight of the cathedrals at Naples? Is St. Paula forgotten in her convent at Bethlehem, where she made even the cell of Jerome cheerful? Has not the love of Joseph for Asenath added a smile to the sunshine of these fields, and given a sad though touching interest to this solitary stone, which looked down on them so often in the quiet evening? Sombre rites and mysterious mythology and profound learning are but the background for such lore as this. The long trains of noisy workmen, the caravans laden for Persia and Assyria, the vast armies, and the royal processions which were constantly moving by these gates to and from Memphis, the metropolis of Egypt, are forgotten as we remember Asenath and Joseph.

This, we think, is enough for a book which the author sends forth "without the appearance of learning or criticism" and with "many misgivings about its interest or value." On this last head we have no misgivings, except so far as *Daleth* is unquestionably a very pretty book for a drawing-room table. But even drawing-room tables are better free from blunders than crowded with them. When Mr. Clark wrote we do not know; the following indication of date is too vague for us:—

This volume goes forth while the floods of time are retreating from the monuments, as a friendly messenger to proclaim, after centuries of darkness—There is hope that Egypt will be restored to the waiting world.

How Mr. Clark wrote it, we learn incidentally from one of his most sensational passages:—

"Master us!" says the ghost of the Pyramid. So we leap easily upon the first layer of stone. It is only three feet high. A second is gained. A third is overcome. A fourth is almost too much. A fifth suggests a delay. Let the Arabs pull on either side, or push behind, not a step will we go till we are rested. "Master us!" says the ghost of the Pyramid. It rises and towers above us as if the sky rested upon its summit. The mass of stone seems to crush the hills. Had the giants here piled Ossa on Pelion? The old Latin reader is our guide-book, and mythology our best history. Only two hundred layers of stone remain! Away we start, and at length gain the summit, which is scarcely thirty-two feet square, and is covered with names written with weary hands. We have mastered the Pyramid without the strength to record our triumph.

The "old Latin reader" then is the source of Mr. Clark's inspiration, and it would also seem to be the measure of his scholarship.

## SECOND TO NONE.\*

THE historical novel is a respectable and time-honoured institution, but, like many another respectable and time-honoured institution, it has seen better days. Fifty years ago it was in its zenith. Sir Walter Scott had then touched the highest point of all his greatness. He had created a new school of romantic fiction; he had raised up an army of disciples; and he had established his works in society upon what is called "an unexceptionable footing." They occupied a place on the family bookshelves between Bowdler's Shakespeare and the British Essayists. Grave papas and orthodox divines read them without loss of dignity. Young ladies devoured them unrepined. Governesses sanctioned them. It was admitted, in short, that the Waverley novels were "improving reading." Scott's numerous imitators profited by that verdict. All historical novels came to be regarded as "improving reading." The taste of the public grew with what it fed upon. Lazy persons were delighted to learn so much about James I. and Queen Elizabeth in so easy a way; and mediæval history, very highly seasoned, continued to be served up *à la carte* long after the great founder of the school had passed away. Readers then were nothing if not historical. They took no interest in a hero who had not been at least a couple of hundred years in his grave. Love, to them, seemed ever so much nicer in the days of the Tudors than in this prosaic century—battle, murder, and sudden death ten times more exciting in alashed doublets than in modern broadcloth. It was, however, a phase of taste that could not endure for ever. The world grew weary in time of plumed gallants and Alsatian bullies; a group of new and brilliant writers undertook to depict the tragedy and comedy of every-day life; and the old historical romance passed into its decadence. It is now all but extinct. A hero who protests by his "halidome" is already a literary curiosity; and we trust we have seen the last of that virtuous peasant who used to interlard all his speeches with "in good sooth," and "by'r lady."

This revolution has been a work of time. The middle ages were not to be got rid of at a blow, even though that blow were dealt by Pelham the gentlemanly, or Pickwick the benevolent. In the meanwhile, we have witnessed the development of a great school of modern English fiction, and the beginning of a new species of historical novel. This latter differs as widely from the original

\* *Second to None.* By James Grant. 3 vols. London: Routledge, Warne, & Routledge.

article as a modern *carte de visite* differs from a paper *silhouette*. It has been called into existence in obedience to those laws which regulate supply and demand. The public taste has undergone certain radical changes in the matter of history. The later Shakspearian revivals have taught us the value of perfect historical "keeping" on the stage; and Lord Macaulay has shown us how the pages of the annalist may be vivified by the introduction of a mass of interesting domestic details, such as were once deemed beneath the dignity of history. In like manner, *Emond* and *The Virginians* have spoiled us for historical novels of the elder type. We are no longer to be contented with a few old-fashioned oaths and a sprinkling of hair-powder. We have learned to look to works of this description for information as well as for amusement, but then it must be that kind of information which is as delightful as the story itself. We must be made acquainted with the tastes and habits, as well as with the costume, of the period represented. We like to know what was the latest intelligence in the *London Gazette* on that particular morning when Sir Harry went out and fought Sir John in Bunhill Fields; we are interested in what my lady had for dinner; we are curious to learn how long it took to go by the Flying Coach from London to Oxford, how the chaplain was treated at the Manor-house, and who was the fashionable male soprano of the season. In a word, we demand faultless local colour.

It is precisely in this essential that the novel before us is chiefly deficient. The action takes place a hundred years ago, and Basil Gauntlett, who is a penniless gentleman and the hero of the story, serves as a simple private in the ranks of the Scotch Greys. That fine regiment was then commanded by Colonel Preston, the last English officer who wore the old traditional buff-coat. It served with distinction in those brilliant but useless expeditions to the coast of France which took place under the second Duke of Marlborough and General Bligh, in 1758; and again in Hanover, under the Duke of Cumberland and Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, in 1759. These short Continental campaigns have furnished Mr. Grant with the materials on which his narrative is based; and the regimental motto, "Second to None," gives its title to the book. We cannot say, however, that Mr. Grant has made the most of his opportunities, or shown much art in the interweaving of his fiction with his facts. He has not that intimate acquaintance with the men and things and topics of the eighteenth century which is so necessary to the verisimilitude of historical painting. Correct as to his facts, careful as to his costumes, he yet fails to envelop his subject in the mental atmosphere of the time of which he treats. His dragoons are palpably nineteenth-century models, costumed in the double-breasted scarlet coats and grenadier caps of a hundred years ago. Their minds are cast in the mould of 1864. They think the thoughts and speak with the tongue of to-day. Mr. Grant, in short, scatters his hair-powder with a liberal hand, but his success is limited to the outsides of the heads on which he operates. It is true that, to be armed at all points for the "nice conduct" of an historical fiction, a writer must possess power of no ordinary kind. Local colour is difficult of attainment, but mental colour is more difficult still. The first can be arrived at by dint of a great deal of tough reading; but the second demands a special intuitive gift, a kind of retrospective *clairvoyance*, which it is perhaps hardly fair to expect from a writer of Mr. Grant's calibre. Our age has seen one author who enjoyed that gift in its uttermost plenitude, but he is no longer among us. The author of *Emond* was, as it were, so saturated with the very essence of things past, that he succeeded in projecting, not only his imagination, but his whole mental personality into the times of which he wrote. Taken from this point of view, and independently of their high literary value, certain of his works merit study simply as psychological phenomena.

To return, however, to Mr. Grant, at whose hands we look for no phenomena of any kind, but only for a little more of that business which may be so easily and pleasantly transacted in the reading-room of the British Museum. It is evident that Mr. Grant knows where to go for those particular pigments by means of which local colour is produced. He has had occasional recourse to them throughout his book, especially towards the close of the third volume; but he has not worked them in with his other material, as a more skillful artist would have done. The touches in which they are laid on are isolated and crude. Like the fragment of bark which Turner is said to have gummed upon the trunk of a tree in one of his foregrounds, this sort of treatment gives reality as far as it goes, but it reduces the rest of the picture to nothing but paint and canvas. We want local colour everywhere—neither patchy nor obtrusive, but toned down, melted in, perfectly harmonized, inseparable from and informing every detail of the subject.

The adventures of Basil Gauntlett while serving as a private in the Scotch Greys are amusing enough, and are told with a good deal of dash and spirit. Mr. Grant's style might be better; but his early military experiences have been of value to him, he knows all about camp life, and he writes of the *esprit de corps* as if he really felt it. We may refer to a description of a night encounter, and the firing of St. Solidore, as affording a fair specimen of his quality. Those who like novels of adventure will find ample gratification of their taste in *Second to None*. Whatever may be Mr. Grant's faults as a writer, lack of inventive power is not one of them. Captain Mayne Reid is not more prolific of startling situations, nor does Alexandre Dumas deal out the vicissitudes of fortune with a readier hand. The hero of this story is gifted, indeed,

with a quite surprising facility for endangering his life and liberty. He is no sooner out of one scrape than he plunges head foremost into another. He falls in love three times in the course of as many volumes; escapes assassination only to render himself liable to death by court-martial; takes refuge in an enemy's chateau disguised as a soubrette; saves one lady's life twice over, and rescues two others from highway robbery; is twice taken prisoner; is hunted almost to the death in a German forest; fights at Minden; plays his part in countless skirmishes; and is all but fustigated in Westphalia. A hero who goes through so many dangers deserves to be made happy at last; and those readers who object to a melancholy catastrophe will be glad to follow Basil Gauntlett to England at the end of the third volume, and see him duly rewarded with honours, good fortune, and a wife. Numerous as they are, however, the adventures of this bold dragoon do not by any means comprise all the "material" of Mr. Grant's novel. The story of Monjoy, the history of Corporal Charters, and the adventures of Ninon de l'Enclos and Made-moiselle de Broglie are all pressed into the service; and the result is a rapid series of melodramatic effects, never very well told, often very far-fetched, but undeniably picturesque and amusing. Of all these, the episode relating to Mademoiselle de Broglie is the least agreeable and the least probable. It is a little too much that a young, beautiful, and noble lady, with whom the hero of the tale is passionately in love, should be twice forcibly abducted, shockingly maltreated, buried alive, disinterred, brought to life again, and comfortably married at last. We question, in the first place, whether an author is justified in the infliction of horrors such as these upon an innocent and pleasing character; but we entertain no doubt, in the second place, that, having so persecuted Mademoiselle de Broglie, Mr. Grant should have permitted her to remain quietly in her grave.

Still more objectionable from an ethical point of view is the fate of the bloodhound by means of whose sagacity the lady is not only discovered in her premature grave, but the abductor is brought to punishment, and Basil Gauntlett himself rescued from a violent death. The dog is described as standing "about thirty inches high. Its limbs exhibited vast muscle, and its chaps were long, pendulous, and frothy. It was of a deep, dark brown hue, and was of that breed which the Spaniards once used with such terrible effect on the continent and adjacent isles of South America." For a whole summer day, from dawn to twilight, this bloodhound unflinchingly guides the dragoon along the track of the murderer, "through wild thickets, up rough ravines, and across streams and torrents." Towards sunset they reach a savage district known as the forest of St. Aubin du Cormier—

that forest through which flows the subterranean torrent which forms one of the natural wonders of the province. On reaching the head of the ravine, the dog led me through a mass of brushwood, by a path so narrow that it seemed to be such a track as the feet of wild rabbits might form; and then I found myself before a large hut, or *chaumière*, of dilapidated aspect. Arming myself with a stone, I boldly entered this hut, and found it deserted. On the hearth there smouldered a fire of wood, turf, and fir-cones, showing that it had been recently occupied; and by the light of this, and the last flush of the sunset which stole through the little window, I could observe the squalor and wretchedness of the place. A few pots of brown ware, a couple of rickety stools, an old chest, a hunting-belt that hung on a nail, and a few sheepskins that lay in a corner as if to form a bed, were all the furniture of this cheerless abode. As I surveyed it, the bloodhound licked my hand with his hot, steaming tongue, and whined and rubbed himself against me, and scented about as if with satisfaction; then he lay down at my feet, lashing the floor with his thick, heavy tail, as if to inform me that we were in the lair of Hautois—of this human panther.

The hut consists of two rooms, in the further of which Basil detects a trap-door overhanging a profound abyss, at the bottom of which flows the subterranean torrent of St. Aubin du Cormier. Just as he makes this discovery, Hautois passes the window, and the dragoon has only time to arm himself with a stool when the ruffian enters. A deadly struggle ensues. The dog is shut up in the inner room; Basil is weaponless; and the Frenchman is armed to the teeth. His pistols, however, flash in the pan, his dagger falls out of its sheath, and Basil deals him a heavy blow on the right temple:—

The aspect of Hautois was frightful. His face was deathly pale, and streaked with the blood that poured from the wound on his temple; his thick black hair was matted and in elf-locks; and his yellow bloodshot eyes glared into mine like those of a wolf, from beneath their bushy brows, which met above his nose. We never spoke as we swayed to and fro, panting hoarsely, grasping each other's wrists with a tiger-clutch, and each making futile efforts to reach the other's throat. We heard only our deep breathing, the ceaseless rush of the stream, like a mill-race beneath the floor, and the growling of the bloodhound in the inner apartment.

At length Basil's strength, already tried by the long day's pursuit, fails him utterly. Hautois grasps him by the throat, half strangles him, drags him across the floor, and, dashing open the door of separation with his foot, is about to consign the young man to the torrent below, when the bloodhound springs out upon him, and fastens on his throat. Mr. Grant shall tell the rest of the story in his own words:—

Dog and man fell down together—the dog above, the man below. Trembling with weakness, and the overstrained exertion of my recent struggle, I rose and looked with stern exultation on this new conflict, at this new and unexpected ally, against whom the human brute fought apparently in vain, for with all his strength he failed to wrench or tear the dog's sharp fangs from his already lacerated throat. At last, by the terror of approaching death ended with twice his natural strength, while uttering convulsive sobs of agony, he rose to his full height, and reeled about the apartment with the great dog at his throat and the chain rattling at its collar; and what a face was his, when for a moment a ray of moonlight fell on it through the broken casement! Hautois was reeling about close to



the trap-door, when an idea seized me. I threw it open, and gave him a push with all my strength; and through the black aperture, with a shriek and a growl, the man and dog vanished together.

Pretty gratitude this, when another good blow on the head, or a stroke of the dagger yet lying on the floor of the next room, would have settled Monsieur Hautois' little business without the sacrifice of a gallant brute that had just saved the life of his destroyer! The *coups* are melodramatic enough. It savours of the "set" scene, the practicable trap, the "highly-trained performing dog," and the regular Surrey ruffian in buff boots and unlimited pistols; but we venture to promise that dramatist a hearty hissing who should attempt to bring forward such a *dénouement* before a transpontine audience. The morality of the incident is bad; and bad morality, though it should concern only a poor dog in a third-rate fiction, is by no means of insignificant tendency. Basil Gauntlett sacrifices his "ally" without a word of thankfulness or regret; and the author never seems to dream that his hero is guilty of either ingratitude or cruelty. We should like to know what Coleridge would have had to say on the subject, or the poet of *Hart-leap Well*, or the genial-hearted author of *Rab and his Friends*.

On the whole, *Second to None* is an improvement on this author's former novels. Those who like military romances, and are neither very fastidious as to style nor too sensitive on the side of grammar, will find in it plenty of fighting, love-making, change of scene, and variety of incident. There is, indeed, enough "stuff" in the book to have furnished forth two or three novels, had the author known how to work out his ideas and economise his resources. But it is only a first-rate tailor who cuts every inch of his cloth to advantage; and to observe that *Second to None* would have been improved by many omissions and many additions, and above all by the setting of a more careful style, is perhaps only equivalent to saying that if Mr. Grant were a better writer he would have written a better book.

#### FRENCHWOMEN OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.\*

IT would be hard to find a better subject for an entertaining and useful book than an account of the women who made themselves conspicuous in French society from the beginning to the end of the eighteenth century. These famous women are interesting historically, as having been closely connected with men and with events that have paved the way for some of the most important ideas and some of the most remarkable achievements of our own times. They are interesting philosophically, as furnishing ample and curious illustrations of that Condition-of-Woman question which is daily attracting more and more attention both among mere sentimentalist and genuine thinkers. And to people who are equally indifferent to the historical relation between the characteristics of various periods and to all discussions upon the organization and arrangements of society, they are interesting because their lives make up an unparalleled chronicle of wit, audacity, piquant scandals, and romance. The materials are as abundant as the subject is attractive, for the memoirs of the eighteenth century are all but inexhaustible. Noblemen of the court, philosophers, footmen, profligate *valets*, actresses, *femmes-de-chambre*, have all vied with one another in the copiousness of their details, and the reckless candour of their disclosures. We look in vain elsewhere for so marvellous a development of the autobiographic spirit, whether it take the form of letters, journals, confessions, or professed history. Even John Foster, who wished "there were some public special mark and brand of emphatic reprobation for these exhibitors of their own disgrace," admits that "great service may be rendered by the publication of private memoirs written by persons connected or acquainted with those of the highest order"; and, as it happens, all the most valuable French memoirs are of this kind. But the historian goes a step further than the Evangelical moralist, and recognises the service which may be rendered in a greater or less degree by anybody who has kept a tolerably faithful chronicle of a life actively passed in the midst of society.

Miss Kavanagh deserves some credit for hitting upon the subject, and she has unquestionably compiled her book with a highly respectable amount of industry. No name of any note has been omitted, and most of the good authorities appear to have been consulted. But the writer makes a fatal mistake in fancying that it is enough merely to print the names of her authorities in alphabetical order along with the table of contents, without appending a single reference to them in the text. It is all very well to say she has consulted about eighty or ninety authors, but we should like to see, by chapter and verse, that she has derived definite information from them; and we should like to know, moreover, how far her estimate of their comparative worth coincides with our own. It is absurd, too, to place in one list, as if they were all the same, Rousseau, and Grimm, and Saint-Simon, and Montel, together with Lord Brougham, and Professor Smythe, and Mr. Smith, author of *Mirabeau, a Life History*. How can Saint-Simon and Mr. Smith be styled authorities in the same sense of the word? Second-rate writers are getting into a habit of parading a long list of "authors consulted," in the hope, we suppose, of acquiring the highest reputation for learning at the lowest possible cost. Why, a dozen references are worth a dozen pages of such lists. And a graver mistake than omitting to refer to authorities is omitting to digest them. We are anxious to give Miss Kavanagh full credit for diligence, and we may admit that the state of France in the eighteenth century was not so

simple or so fixed as to be either readily grasped in a single conception or easily reproduced in a single volume. But here we have scarcely any attempt to bring out one feature or one personage of the time in more striking colours than another. Women of very secondary importance occupy as much space, and are talked about just in the same way, as those of the most remarkable pre-eminence. Surely it would have been better to select some half-dozen of the greatest among them, and then to group the lesser lights around them. At all events, the method of taking every name in order, and treating the person to whom it belonged as much by herself as possible, is about the worst that could have been adopted. This artificial isolation did not exist in life, and in a book it inevitably tends to destroy anything like a general view. If Miss Kavanagh had taken as much pains to digest her design as she has done to gain the materials for carrying it out, the reader would have escaped a great deal of vexatious iteration, and would have acquired a much more substantial notion of what Frenchwomen in the eighteenth century were like. As it is, most readers who were not familiar with the subject before will leave off with a confused lot of names in their minds, and the vaguest possible idea in what respects women in France a hundred years ago resembled or differed from their great grandchildren, or from Englishwomen of the same time. The authoress does not seem to have met with one book upon her subject which might have suggested all this to her, although, as it was reprinted some eighteen years ago, it is now accessible enough; we mean Miss Berry's *Comparative View of Social Life in England and France*. Miss Berry—who also edited the letters of Horace Walpole, and wrote a life of Madame du Deffand—had a wide acquaintance with French society, history, and literature; and her book, while full of pleasant gossip, is marked by a power of ingenious generalization in which Miss Kavanagh is fatally wanting. Miss Kavanagh writes about the eighteenth century as a thoroughly respectable English lady who had passed all her days in a country town might be expected to write. She talks of Madame du Chatelet, and Pompadour, and Mailly, as if they were dreadfully shocking women only to be spoken of in an under-tone, and regards most of her other heroines from the same domestic point of view. This spirit is very nice over tea and bread-and-butter, but ought to be replaced by a wider and more practical view of life when people write books on wide subjects. Miss Berry was a jovial old Pagan, and even got so far away from British traditions as to avow her opinion that the freedom of life and conversation conceded to women by the organization of the *salon* was far preferable to English restraint and prudery. The Frenchwoman, she maintained, listens to the talk of men of wit, learning, and genius; no social trammels prevent her from talking with them if she has anything worth saying, and the knowledge of this incites her to fit herself for such companionship by study and reflection. Frenchwomen thus learn to take an enlightened interest in every topic which interests men, and the result is, that they become "intelligent social beings." Englishwomen, on the other hand, in spite of their greater freedom of choice in marriage, and the various other advantages which they possess to start with, degenerate into mere "gossiping housewives." As a matter of fact, this is rather too widely stated. Even in the most brilliant period of French society, we suspect that the number of women who were capable of taking part in discussions where wit and learning were called for was very small, and that their position was markedly exceptional. Out of Paris, and out of a comparatively narrow circle even there, women led as humdrum lives, and were as far removed from intelligent social beings, as the gossiping housewives of England. It is as unreasonable to imagine that all Frenchwomen talked and read like Madame de Tencin or Madame du Chatelet, as it would be to suppose that men in England in the eighteenth century all talked like Dr. Johnson.

But it must be granted that women have never openly occupied a position of such substantial influence and power in England as was held by perhaps half-a-dozen of the heroines of Miss Kavanagh's book. Madame Pompadour, Madame Roland, Madame de Staël, though at different times and by very different means, all exercised this power in the widest and most direct way. The rest acted upon the world infinitely less extensively, and always indirectly, but in a fashion utterly foreign to the usage of English society. Madame de Staël noticed that in England it is not until the ladies have withdrawn that conversation becomes animated, and that the mistress of the house seems to have no proper notions about her duty of leading the conversation. Women like Madame du Deffand or Madame Geoffrin were a kind of power in the eighteenth century, because they were thoroughly unlike Englishwomen in this respect. D'Holbach was called the *maître d'hôtel* of philosophy, because he gave capital suppers, of which the philosophers were very happy to partake; and much in the same way, the ladies who presided over the most famous *salons* influenced thought by providing pleasant dinners for the thinkers. They had, however, not merely to supply food for thought in this solid sense, but to season it with the peculiar wit and intellectual sparkle in which a Frenchwoman seldom fails, and only exceptional Englishwomen succeed. The vulgar conception of a *salon* is, we believe, that it resembled a London rout, or perhaps a *conversazione* at South Kensington. Even Miss Kavanagh, who does not fall into this error, does something to strengthen it by frequently using *saloon* as a translation of *salon*. "Parlour" would be nearer the mark. In fact, the perfection of social intercourse, which is no more found in a rout than it is in the gallery of a theatre or among the crowd at a

\* *Woman in France during the Eighteenth Century*. By Julia Kavanagh. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1864.

prize-fight, seems to have been secured by the *salons*. The party was small, and carefully chosen; nobody was oppressively superior to everybody else; and the conversation was guided and moderated by a woman of tact and cultivation. Marmontel, whose memoirs are as natural and as entertaining as De Foe, suggests that societies of this sort are not without their less agreeable aspects. In a passage which Miss Kavanagh has quoted (she would have done well to use Marmontel still more freely) he gives a very lively description of a party at Madame de Tencin's. He complains that every guest came there ready to act his part, and that the anxiety for display prevented the conversation from following an easy course. This is probably an inseparable feature of every society made up of clever men, and it would be aggravated by the presence of women whose admiration was only to be won by shining in conversation, and by whom the tenderest rewards were habitually bestowed as a token of their admiration. The real secret of the success of the *salons* seems to be that they were the only places in which wits and philosophers could meet regularly without provoking the interference of the Government. A club was founded in 1724 for the purpose of discussing literary and social topics, and, from holding its meetings in the *entresol* of Hénault's house, was known as the Club de l'Entresol. But Fleury eventually suppressed it, and no attempt was ever again made to form a similar union before the Revolution. The houses of women who were hospitable, who liked the society of wits and philosophers, and did not object to a certain freedom of conversation, were found to be safe and agreeable centres for writers and thinkers, whose ideas gradually spread from these select coteries into the streets and the abodes of the multitude. Women took an equal part in the conversation because they had equal political rights with men—that is to say, neither of them had any political rights at all. Where men enjoy political privileges which women do not, the latter will naturally have less interest and less weight in the discussion both of political matters and of every other serious subject; and it is worth noticing that the only period when men and women met to any considerable extent on the same intellectual level was a time when the former stood on no political vantage ground. Mr. Mill will find in this an argument for that enfranchisement of women which he considers as so urgently demanded alike by justice and policy. It is fair to add, however, that this was a time also when what constitutes the English notion of domestic morality was most systematically outraged. After the Revolution, and when men had secured a certain measure of freedom, women recovered their virtue and lost their influence. Olympe de Gouges—whom, by the way, Miss Kavanagh dismisses too summarily—said very pithily in one of her tremendous declamations about the rights of her sex:—"Le Gouvernement Français a dépendu pendant des siècles de l'administration nocturne des femmes; le cabinet n'avait point de secret pour leur indiscretion; ambassade, commandement, ministère, présidence, pontificat, cardinalat, enfin tout ce qui caractérise la sottise des hommes, profane et sacré, tout a été soumis à la cupidité et à l'ambition de ce sexe autrefois méprisable et respecté, et depuis la révolution respectable et méprisé." There is this, however, to be said for the profligacy of women in the Parisian society of a part of the eighteenth century—first, that they never talked about it; and, secondly, that though unfaithful to their husbands, they were generally very constant to their lovers. Rousseau's passion for the Countess d'Houdetot—the only woman he ever loved, according to his own account—furnishes an instance of their irregular fidelity. The "parfaite Julie" was quite indifferent to M. d'Houdetot, but was so ardently attached to Saint-Lambert that all Rousseau's eloquent and impassioned assaults upon what was left of her conjugal virtue were in vain. Everybody knows the lines in *Childe Harold* about—

The memorable kiss  
Which every morn his fevered lip would greet,  
From hers, who but with friendship his would meet.

Madame Houdetot was marked with the small-pox, and squinted; and Miss Berry, who saw her when very old, says she was "the plainest old woman imaginable," and that she left the party very early in order to attend Saint-Lambert, then on his death-bed. Saint-Lambert inspired an attachment in another still more famous woman, but Madame du Chatelet is a less favourable example of constancy than Rousseau's idol. The frankness with which she explained to Voltaire why she required another lover is one of the funniest things in the chronicles of philosophic amours. Her requirements, unfortunately, cost her very dear; and Voltaire's angry remonstrance, on her death, at the shameful indiscretion of his rival is well known. More ludicrous than the scene between Voltaire and Saint-Lambert is the notion of Saint-Lambert and M. de Houdetot becoming horribly jealous of one another in their old age, and making Madame d'Houdetot extremely uncomfortable about it. Saint-Lambert ought to have acquired fame by supplanting one of the two great philosophers of the century, and anticipating the other, in the hearts of their mistresses. In connexion with Madame du Chatelet, Miss Kavanagh ought to have made some use of Longchamp's *Memoirs of Voltaire*. Longchamp was Madame du Chatelet's footman, and some of his facts are exceedingly curious and instructive. According to him, her indelicacy—and it was probably not more gross than that of other ladies of rank—was so stupendous as to appear to us almost incredible. It was an ordinary thing for her men-servants to attend upon her in the bath, and in fact, says the philosophic valet, she looked upon us as belonging to a different species altogether.

The death of Louis XV. and accession of Marie Antoinette

wrought a great change in the habits of French society, and both the indelicacy and the open profligacy disappeared, or were decently veiled, under the scarcely less offensive *sensibilité*. This hypocritical profession of enthusiasm for nature and simplicity and pastoral virtues resulted in all sort of nauseous follies. Prizes were given to exemplary virgins, good boys and girls, good mothers. There was the Fête des Bonnes Gens and the Fête des Bonnes Mœurs. Louis and Marie Antoinette lounged about Trianon in straw hats, and ate their food in the open air, and tried to fancy themselves Arcadian peasants. Authors filled their pages with windy apostrophes to Goodness and Virtue and Humanity. But all this could do nothing to repair the broken finances, or relieve the public burdens, or make the masses of the people content with the monstrous inequality of their lot; and *sensibilité* was followed by an ever memorable reign of dissimulation, and weakness, and violence, and universal madness. The story of the Revolution is, perhaps, the best part of Miss Kavanagh's book. Charlotte Corday and Madame Roland and Madame de Staël are more congenial themes than Du Barry and Pompadour, and the writer has taken the trouble to acquire some of the newest views about the principal characters of the epoch. She does not, for example, content herself with the ordinary notion about Robespierre, but has honestly tried to understand the better side of his character, though we confess the attempts to vindicate his name from all the atrocities with which it is popularly associated always remind us of De Quincy's ingenious "rehabilitation" of Judas Iscariot. Miss Kavanagh adopts the common sentimental view of the Queen; that is, she thinks her worst fault was imprudence, and that the anguish of her last days ought to make us forget the follies of her prosperity. This is exactly what people used to say about Charles I. until Macaulay and Mr. Carlyle established a sounder doctrine. Charles I. and Marie Antoinette had many traits in common, and amongst them were profound dissimulation and impotent vindictiveness. Mirabeau, after his remarkable interview with her, exclaimed, "She is the only man of the family," and it is to her that history will attribute the perverse and ruinous policy of which her husband was nominally the author. Still, dignity of conduct under the most agonizing circumstances, a gracious and queenly presence, power of uttering melodramatic speeches, and a terrible death, are claims to respect and admiration which it must always be very difficult for female writers to refuse.

Miss Kavanagh dismisses the men of the century somewhat curtly. Jean Baptiste Rousseau is darkly alluded to as "the guilty but unhappy poet," while Condorcet is coolly despatched as the husband of Madame Condorcet, and "a person of some scientific eminence." We had scarcely a right to expect, from the title of the book, any profound account of the progress of thought in France in the eighteenth century; but it would have been easy for the writer to get a general acquaintance with the nature of the remarkable lines of intellectual movement which began with Voltaire and ended with the Napoleonic despotism. It is time that the old notion about the French Revolution being the consequence of the materialist books of Helvetius, D'Holbach, and La Mettrie should cease to be held by anybody professing to write on France in the eighteenth century. What a misconception is involved in the common phrase, "the French eighteenth-century philosophy"—as if it were some compact and uniform system of thought, based on the same conceptions, and tending to the same development! Miss Kavanagh is evidently aware that she knows nothing of the differences between the schools of Voltaire, who was a destructive deist, and Diderot, who was a destructive atheist, and Jean Jacques, who was both deist and constructive; and she would probably admit that she has derived all her ideas on the subject from a sort of literary hearsay. This being the case, nothing can be more mischievous to the interests of truth and right knowledge than her virtuous vituperation of the formidable array of intellectual "licence," and "the blight which had fallen on the human mind, and which will make the eighteenth century appear for ever as a wide and fearful gulf between the present and the future of France." The charge of intellectual licence here means no more than that some of the writers referred to inquired freely and unrestrainedly into subjects which Miss Kavanagh thinks people have no business to inquire into. It is really an abuse of the power of print to go on repeating old cries without independent inquiry into their justice. Burke very unworthily fancied he was adducing an argument which went to the root of the matter when he asked about the philosophic party, "It is not composed of those men with you, is it, whom the vulgar, in their blunt, homely style, commonly call atheists and infidels?" As for that, the vulgar have a blunt, homely habit of calling most people who are not quite persuaded of every jot and tittle of what they themselves believe, both atheists and deists. It is the business of those who, like Miss Kavanagh, have culture enough to write a respectable book, to teach them better intellectual habits, and to enforce a sounder view than is implied in bewailing inquiries into the origin of received truths as deplorable examples of intellectual licence.

#### HUME'S ANCIENT MEOLS.\*

VERY few readers, we suppose, know anything about ancient Meols, unless, indeed, they have a taste for collecting Roman or mediæval antiquities, or have chanced to visit the rising

\* *Ancient Meols; or, some Account of the Antiquities found near Dose Point, on the Sea Coast of Cheshire.* By the Rev. A. Hume, LL.D. London: J. R. Smith. 1864.



watering-place of Hoylake. We must begin, therefore, by saying that Meols (pronounced *Meels*) is the name of two townships on the Cheshire coast, between the mouths of the estuaries of the Mersey and the Dee, where, below the level of high water, in soil belonging rather to the sea than to the land, have been found innumerable objects of antiquarian interest. These objects, which are chiefly of domestic utility, are of very different ages—ranging, in fact, over many centuries. How they came to be gathered together in one place is a most curious puzzle, on which many eminent archaeologists have declined to offer an opinion. Dr. Hume, of Everton, near Liverpool, in the richly-illustrated volume now before us, attempts to solve the enigma. In doing so he has not only thrown a great deal of light on his particular subject, but he has extended his inquiries, and produced a very useful general manual of our insular domestic antiquities.

Beginning with the topography of the district, Dr. Hume describes the flat swampy tract below the level of the sea, protected from the waves by a strong embankment, which fringes the coast of the Cheshire promontory. Dunes, or sand-hills, are accumulated just above high-water mark; and the word *meols* is supposed by the best etymologists to be derived from *moel*, a heap or pile, and to mean a bare or naked hillock of sand. Close to the Dee mouth is a spit called Dove Point—the name, like that of the river Dove in Derbyshire, meaning “black,” from the Celtic *Dhuv*. The soil here is a mass of peaty turf-bog, and is called to this day “the black earth” by the inhabitants of the district. In these turbaries are embedded the stumps of trees, the remains of a submerged forest, known now as “Meols Stocka.” From a careful comparison of ancient surveys and maps of the hundred of Wirral, which includes this part of Cheshire, and from an examination of the records, documentary or material, of the gradual encroachments of the sea on this coast, Dr. Hume concludes that Meols, or Great Meols, was the name of a town of some importance, situated at the terminus of a seaward highway in the Cheshire peninsula, which has long since perished by the erosion of the sea.

These inferences are confirmed by geological considerations, and by historical inquiry. Every one knows how important a station Chester, the *civitas legionum*, was in Roman times. The mouth of the Dee was in those, and in later, days something like what the mouth of the Mersey is now to the commerce of Liverpool. Before the sand had accumulated in the Dee, and Chester ceased to be a port, the deep water near Dove Point was a convenient halting-place for ships; and Meols itself was for a long period the point of departure for all travellers to Ireland. In fact, Meols, or some point in the neighbourhood, came in time to be the port of Chester; and in some of the narratives of the embarkation of troops for Ireland at different dates it is expressly stated that the men took ship at Hoylake. So late as 1690, William III., crossing to Ireland, encamped his army on the Wallasey Leasowes, near Dove Point, and put to sea from a spot near Hoylake, which still bears the name of the King's Gap. It is not a little curious to find in the first known chart of this coast—that of Collins, in 1687—the sailing directions for reaching Liverpool. Ships bound for that port were to make, not for the Mersey, but for the Dee. They were to anchor at Hyle-lake (Hoylake):—

Here the great ships [he says] that belong to Liverpool put out part of their lading, till the ships are light enough to sail over the Flats to Liverpool. There is a channel near Formby to go into Liverpool, where it is three fathoms at low water, but this place is not buoyed or beaconsed, and so not known.

By 1844 the estuary of the Dee had so silted up that the anchorage at Hoylake was useless. There was then a depth of but two feet of water at the western part, where a hundred and fifty years before there had been fifteen; and at the eastern end, where there used to be thirty feet at low water, the sands were actually dry at high tide.

Now, to come to the discovery of the mine of antiquities which has made Meols famous among archaeologists. In 1846 Dr. Hume was the first to observe that Roman fibule and other pieces of ancient metal were to be seen as occasional curiosities in the houses of the neighbourhood. Upon inquiry it appeared that they had all been found near Hoylake, by an old man of the village, who had amused himself by picking up curious pieces of metal when the tide was out. Mr. Albert Way's attention was soon called to this treasure-trove, and he counselled further exploration. Next it became known that a retired Liverpool merchant, Mr. P. B. Ainslie, of Guildford, possessed a cabinet of antiquities—comprising fibule, rings, hair-pins, buckles, keys, crosses, coins, &c.—the chief part of which had been discovered so far back as 1817 by a fisherman, after an unusually low tide, on the Cheshire coast. Further search was then made on the spot, and Mr. Mayer of Liverpool became possessed of at least a thousand objects of antique art, all found at Meols. Other smaller collections have since been formed, all of which have been placed at Dr. Hume's disposal for classification and description. Altogether, above three thousand pieces are known and registered. Many others have been dispersed and lost. Among them Dr. Hume notices a few coins and rings of gold, brooches, rings, and a spur of silver, nearly two thousand specimens of brass and copper, including bells, bosses, buckles, crucifixes, fish-hooks, keys, nails, thimbles, and the like; besides axes, knives, scissors, &c. of iron, and many articles, of similar kinds, in pewter and lead. In addition, there are a few specimens of glass beads, flint arrow-heads, stone implements, fragments of pottery and terra cotta, and even a few enamels. Our author has taken infinite pains in

classifying these objects and comparing them with other specimens. Suffice it to say, that the collection is altogether promiscuous, and that its dates range over at least 1,700 years. For instance, we have here descriptions and engravings (the latter very numerous, but of unequal value) of skulls of the *bos longifrons*, and of coins and fibule of the British and Roman period; while, at the later limit, there are musket-rests, gun-flints, and a pail, not earlier than the seventeenth century. We may repeat that the reader will find in Dr. Hume's careful and learned descriptions of these miscellaneous objects of antiquity a very sufficient compendium of archaeological science.

But the questions will have occurred to most of our readers—Are these things genuine, and, if so, how can it be accounted for that they should be found in such abundance at or near one particular spot? As to the first point, there seems to be no reason for doubting the good faith of all concerned; and the great variety of the objects thus discovered is of itself a presumption against forgery. As to the latter, four hypotheses have been started, which Dr. Hume examines in succession. First, it has been supposed that a formal collection of antiquities may at some time or other have been lost on this spot by a shipwreck. This idea is, of course, not worth a serious discussion. It is enough to say that a museum of British antiquities is an altogether modern conception, and that the foreshore in which these objects are found was lately solid land, and not deep sea in which a wreck could be possible. A second suggestion has been this—that these articles have been carried down the Dee from Chester, and deposited near its mouth in still water. But the facts are against this supposition. The objects are all found in a peaty bog, from which the action of the tides dislodges them. Thirdly, it has been urged by some antiquaries that here we have an example of lacustrine, or aquatic habitations, answering to the crannoges of Ireland and the pile-buildings of the Swiss lakes. The reply is that no such remains could possibly survive the action of the tides on a seaboard. The fourth explanation is, as we agree with the author, the only possible one. There can be little doubt that an ancient town on this spot has gradually disappeared, and that these objects are relics which it has left behind. Dr. Hume refers to the somewhat analogous cases of the swallowing up by the sea of Ravenspur in Yorkshire (where the future Henry IV. landed), and, on the other hand, the encroachment of the sand which has buried the village of Formby on the north of the Mersey. The case of Dunwich in Suffolk is, however, much more to the point than either of these examples. This town, which was once an episcopal see and a royal city, has very nearly perished by the gradual inroads of the sea. Being built, like Meols, on a sandy and loamy soil, the tides have gradually washed it away. When the water has loosened the soil at Dunwich, numerous objects of antiquity, as varied as those discovered at Meols, are continually picked up. There can be little doubt, we think, that Dr. Hume has found in this parallel case the right solution of the curious enigma of the Cheshire promontory. It is probable that the larger part of the site of the ancient town has been carried away, and that what remains will be less fertile in antiquities. Still, many more relics may be brought to light by diligent investigation, and holiday-makers at Hoylake may for many a season as profitably search for antiquities from the perished Meols as people at other sea-side places do for agates or sea-anemones. For all such archaeologists Dr. Hume's volume will be an invaluable instructor; and we have little doubt that many persons will owe to this really learned book a taste for, and a considerable knowledge of, the antiquities of the domestic life of our forefathers. For all who wish to arrange systematically a collection of such relics the present author will be found a trustworthy guide.

#### GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE history of botany forms the subject of an important work by Dr. Jessen.\* Beginning with the earliest times, he gives a sketch of the state of the science among the Eastern nations, and traces its progress as it was studied successively by the Greeks and the Romans. The Christian writers both of the East and the West next engage his attention, and then he proceeds to treat of the school founded by the Arabs, in whose time medical botany was first made a real science. From them he passes to the great men of the middle ages, and points out the changes through which the study of natural history in general, and of botany in particular, passed as centuries went by. Coming down to more modern times, he gives an outline of the various systems proposed by different masters, until he arrives at and dwells on those of Linnæus and Jussieu. Finally, he discusses at length the discoveries made and the results obtained in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, giving an account of the books in which they are contained, and the men to whom they are due. The work conveys an immense amount of information, and bears testimony to patient and laborious research on the part of its author. He has not confined himself to botany alone, but has diverged at times to treat of subjects connected with it—such as agriculture, gardening, and geographical discovery—and has thus attempted to give a general idea of the history of the science, of the effects it has produced, and of the students and scholars whom it has engaged. Dr. Jessen

\* *Botanik der Gegenwart und Vorzeit in kulturhistorischer Entwicklung. Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte der abendländischen Völker.* Von Karl F. W. Jessen. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Natl. 1864.

deserves great praise for the pains he has taken to make his work complete. He had written half of it, he says, before he visited England, but he found so much material here, and he became conscious that so much advance had been made in this country of late years in botanical knowledge, that upon his return home he entirely recast his work and commenced it anew.

Dr. Emil Kneschke has written the *History of the Drama and of Music in Leipzig*.<sup>\*</sup> Art and science have always flourished in that city, which, we are told, was in its youth, what others have become in their maturity, a model for the whole German Fatherland. The first real band of actors was formed at Leipzig, being founded by Johann Veltheim, who brought them together in the latter half of the seventeenth century. They performed translations of the tragedies of Corneille and the comedies of Molière, besides adaptations from Spanish dramas and Italian burlesques. In 1693 an opera-house was built, and in 1699 French comedies were performed for the first time. Then came the period of the Neuberin, the great directress to whom Lessing conceded a perfect knowledge of her art, for whom he wrote plays, as also did Gottsched and Gellert, and in witnessing whose performances he found the greatest pleasure of his life. After describing her epoch, Dr. Kneschke proceeds to that of Koch, and then depicts the state of the theatre under Seyler and his successors, ending with an account of its present management under Wirsing. In treating of music at Leipzig, he commences with a sketch of the career of Johann Sebastian Bach, and gives an account of his family and the school he founded. He then passes on to Döles, and to Hiller, under whose direction the first of the celebrated *Gewandhaus-Concerts* took place. After them follow Schicht, Weinlig, and Hauptmann, who bring us down to the time of Richard Wagner, to whose works a chapter is devoted. Dr. Kneschke describes at length Schumann's visit to Leipzig and the brilliant epoch of Mendelssohn's stay there, and concludes with a sketch of the other great musicians who have resided in the city, and an account of the Choral Unions and other musical societies of which it boasts.

The first instalment of Friedrich Giehne's collection of essays on *German Affairs and Interests*<sup>†</sup> contains three papers. The first is devoted to "German National Character"; the second derives its title from Arndt's well-known line, "Far as the German tongue resounds"; and the third is called "The Rhine and the Danube." In the first, the author combats the anti-national prejudices which, in his opinion, are widely spread throughout Germany. He considers that his countrymen do not think nearly as well of themselves as they are entitled to do, and they are strengthened in their low opinion of their own merits by the depreciatory remarks of the great heroes of their classical literature, writers who expressed the sentiments of a time when national feeling was at a low ebb. But he thinks that if Germans will only take into proper consideration the great merits of the nation to which they belong—its courage, its honesty, and its *Gemüthlichkeit*—they will learn to venerate, and while so doing will elevate still higher, their national character, and will escape the perils which, as Montesquieu observes, beset a nation which thinks too little of itself. In the second essay he has collected a mass of valuable statistics bearing on the extent of Germany, and the numbers of its inhabitants. The German nation, according to his computation, comprises sixty millions of men; if the Dutch and Flemish are rejected, fifty-four millions remain who write and speak German. Its language is more widely spoken and its maritime commerce is further extended than even those of France, and in the New World especially it is gaining ground with always increasing rapidity. The third essay is purely political, containing the author's views as to a revision of the map of Europe. A mistake, he says, was made about the Rhine in 1814, and another about the Danube in 1855. Austria should possess the Delta of the Danube, and should be put in a position to interfere between Russia and Turkey. She should colonize largely, and should be supported in her plans by all Germany, in return for which assistance she ought to back the German Confederation in its policy with regard to the Rhine. He expects to see a European war before long in reference to the possession of that river, but he strongly recommends France to satisfy Germany on that subject, for by so doing she will materially improve her power of attacking England.

Ferdinand Gregorovius has collected his sketches of Italian travel, and they now form a work in three volumes.<sup>‡</sup> The first of these, entitled "Figures," appears as a second edition, and the third, "Siciliana," has been already published separately; but the second contains a number of essays now gathered together for the first time, under the title of "Latin Summers." They were for the most part written while the author was engaged on his Roman History, and treat of various subjects—of the Benedictine Convent at Subiaco, of the Mountains of the Volscians and of the Latin Campagna, of the Shores of Liris, of Avignon, and of the modern Roman Poets. They are all agreeable and interesting sketches, but the last is especially attractive. The author tells us that he has often been impressed by the want of poetry in the city of Rome. The Muses appear never to have loved it. Ancient Rome

was too noisy, and modern Rome is too much the reverse. Philosophers and historians find food for contemplation there, but the poet is left destitute of inspiration. The clanking of church bells and the droning of litanies waken no musical echoes there, the narcotic vapour of incense which pervades the city deadens the perceptive senses of its inhabitants, and the flowers of poetry grow pale in the cold shadow of the tombs. The Romans are crushed instead of being inspired by the antique grandeur which surrounds them, and they have left to Shakespeare, Corneille, Racine, and other foreigners the task of working the materials of their history into poetic shape. For a long time literature has been all but dead in Rome. There are no real journals, the critics are mute, the booksellers publish nothing but antiquarian works. Yet the Romans love poetry, and sonnets form a part of their daily fare. Their academicians were always rhyming, but unfortunately they never attained to anything but a fatal facility of versification. At present, indeed, there is a faint stir of poetic life in Rome. Leopardi has many imitators, he being himself a mere copier of Byron and Heine. The latter exerts a great influence in Italy, and we are told that the Italians, especially the Neapolitans, are eagerly reciting German lyrics and studying German philosophy. Our author does not think the school a healthy one for a Southern nation. Poetic melancholy and sentimentalism do no harm, he says, in the North, where the sea breeze and the mountain wind act as tonics, but they are very hurtful in the South. However, any literary movement is better than utter stagnation, and he speaks in favourable terms of many of the recent songsters—especially of Giovanni Torlonia, who died in 1858, in the twenty-seventh year of his age, of Professor Nannarelli, and of the Advocate Ciampi, ending his essay with a criticism of their styles and extracts from their works.

The *Doctrine of the Sacraments*<sup>\*</sup> has been treated at length by Professor Hahn, of the University of Breslau. In spite of the practical tendencies of the present age, he hopes that there still exists a reading public to which such inquiries as form the staple of his work will not prove distasteful. And he appears to look to England especially for sympathy, for he expressly reserves the right of translating his book into English. He commences with an historical investigation of the use of the word Sacrament in secular and ecclesiastical language. He then enters into the question of the necessity of Sacraments in a Church, and states the views entertained by the Catholic Church with regard to their administration and their efficacy. He mentions the disputes to which they have given rise, and the theories which have been propounded about them, from the earliest times to that of the Council of Trent, and concludes with a special dissertation upon each of the Seven Sacraments of the Roman Church. His work is copiously enriched by quotations and references, and has the singular merit of possessing a good index.

A clergyman bearing the ominous name of Pfaff has favoured the world with his opinions on *Tolerance in General, and Christian Tolerance in Particular*.<sup>†</sup> It appears that the Church of Hesse Cassel has been agitated by disputes, and he has been requested to soothe it by the present work. He gives a philosophical definition of tolerance, and a sketch of what it ought to be; but it seems doubtful whether his arguments are likely to procure any great effect, although they are not destitute of a sedative influence. His opinions are narrow, and he belongs to a school which is rapidly dying out in Germany. Indifference he objects to quite as much as to intolerance, and he wishes to confine to the orthodox the power of assuming legislative functions; but he allows that religious persecution is an error, and recommends the use of prayer instead of it. On the whole, he speaks well of tolerance, but he remarks that what appears to the world to be intolerance is often only an unrecognised form of Christian love.

The merits of *Marcus Tullius Cicero, Orator, Statesman, Author*, are discussed and upheld in an academical discourse by Professor Gerlach, containing a brief memoir of Cicero's life and a criticism on his writings. The author complains of the tendency towards "so-called progress" exhibited in the writings of the "philosophical school of modern editors," who, in his opinion, injure the cause of truth, and "spoil the taste of youth for ancient figures." The Professor undertakes the defence of Cicero from every charge brought against him, but especially combats the views of Mommsen, who has described the great orator as a weak, vacillating politician, at one time a democrat, at another an aristocrat or a despot's tool, always a short-sighted egotist, and who has even treated his writings with contempt, excepting as far as their style is concerned. Such attacks have greatly hurt the Professor's feelings, and he takes this opportunity of expressing his indignation, and defending the cause of his favourite hero.

The vexed question of the Runes has afforded a topic for discussion to Dr. Dieterich.<sup>‡</sup> He is of opinion that their inventor,

<sup>\*</sup> *Die Lehre von den Sakramenten, in ihrer geschichtlichen Entwicklung innerhalb der abendländischen Kirche bis zum Concil von Trient.* Von Dr. G. L. Hahn. Breslau: Morgenstern. London: Nutt. 1864.

<sup>†</sup> *Ueber das Wesen und den Umfang der Toleranz im Allgemeinen, und der christlichen Toleranz im Besonderen.* Von J. G. Pfaff, Consistorialrath. Cassel: Krieger. London: Nutt. 1864.

<sup>‡</sup> *Marcus Tullius Cicero, Redner, Staatsmann, Schriftsteller.* Ein akademischer Vortrag von Fr. Dor. Gerlach, Professor der alten Litteratur und Oberbibliothekar. Basel: Balmer & Riehm. London: Williams & Norgate. 1864.

<sup>§</sup> *Enträthelung des Odinischen Futhork durch das semitische Alphabet.* Von Dr. U. W. Dieterich. Stockholm and Leipzig: Maas. London: Williams & Norgate. 1864.

<sup>\*</sup> *Zur Geschichte des Theaters und der Musik in Leipzig.* Von Dr. Emil Kneschke. Leipzig: Fleischer. London: Nutt. 1864.

<sup>†</sup> *Deutsche Zustände und Interessen.* Von Friedrich Giehne. Heft 1. Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Williams & Norgate. 1864.

<sup>‡</sup> *Wanderjahre in Italien.* Von Ferdinand Gregorovius. 3 Bde. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Nutt. 1864.



the mythical Odin, adopted the figures and names of the letters of an ancient Semitic alphabet; but, having translated those names into his own language, he was obliged to transpose their positions in order that their initial sounds might designate the letters to which they were affixed. Dr. Dieterich thinks that the alphabet made use of was probably the Phœnician of an early period. He enters at length into the question of the antiquity of the Odinic language, and traces the history of the Runes from the days when they formed a kind of hieratic writing, used by the priests for sacred purposes, to the time when they were degraded into magic spells, and became part of the stock-in-trade of spiritualistic impostors. As regards the meaning of the word Runa, he opposes Grimm—who was of opinion that it meant that which was whispered low, and so a mystery—being inclined to think that it represents a die, or something which can be thrown like dice.

The first volume has appeared of an *Ecclesiastical History*\* by Dr. Hasse. It is a posthumous work, and is edited by Dr. Köhler, Professor of Theology at Erlangen. It consists of lectures originally delivered to the theological students who attended the author's classes at Bonn, and is to form a methodical scheme of church history, intended chiefly as a text-book, but aiming at possessing animation and religious feeling. The present volume is devoted to the first four centuries of the Christian era, the second will embrace the period of the middle ages, and the third and last will bring down the history to our times.

The Ministry of Ricasoli forms the subject of the second book of W. Rüstow's *Annals of the Kingdom of Italy from 1861 to 1863*.† It contains a biographical notice of that statesman, and a detailed account of his Ministerial career. He does not appear to have gained the entire approbation of his critic, who considers him an overrated man, of the same stamp as Farini.

The tragedy of *Demetrius*,† left in an unfinished state by Friedrich Hebbel, who died lately in the prime of his life, has been edited by Emil Kuh and Professor Glaser. It was commenced in 1857, its author hesitating for a time whether he should complete Schiller's play of the same name, or continue his own *Nibelungen*. Deciding at length in favour of *Demetrius*, he soon gave up the idea of following Schiller, to whose tastes he thought that hero was not suited, and he began the work afresh on an original plan. Two of the acts were written on his death-bed, and the last remains unfinished, the story breaking off abruptly at the moment when Demetrius discovers that he is not the heir to the throne, but only the illegitimate son of the Czar.

The second and concluding volume of Dr. Flathe's *Shakspeare in his Actuality*§ treats of *Macbeth*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Othello* and *King Lear*. The author informs us that he is glad to find that his work has proved distasteful to the admirers of "modern Pseudo-Rationalism, especially the Pantheists and the Materialists"—his first volume having shown that Shakspeare scorned their views of the universe, and spoke bitter words against them. He avails himself of the opportunity to repeat his views on the subject of Hamlet's conduct, and of the designs of the "Polonius-Family" on the throne of Denmark. According to him, Ophelia saw in Hamlet not so much a lover as an heir-apparent, and even in her madness never quite forgot her hopes of wearing a crown. But Dr. Flathe's ideas appear to have been insufficiently appreciated, for with the present volume he indignantly brings his work to an abrupt conclusion.

An old German version of the *Taming of the Shrew* has been edited by Reinhold Köhler.¶ It was originally published at Rapperschwil in 1672, and has become so rare that the editor knows of only three existing copies. With one exception, that of the "Peter Squenz" of Andreas Gryphius, it is the first printed rendering of a Shakspearian comedy into German. The translator's name has not been preserved, but he is known to have written two other comedies—*Der pedantische Irrthum* and *alamodisch technologisches Interim*. He performed his task with ability, in general closely following the original, but divesting the play of all allusions to the English stage, and giving it a thoroughly German dress. He seems to have been well acquainted with English, and to have had some knowledge of Latin and French, though a few mistakes occur in his work, such as the rendering of "such a swain" by the words "solch ein Schwein."

There appears to be little connexion between Shakspeare and the Schleswig-Holstein question; but the author of *A Word to England*¶ on that subject thinks it worth his while to inform us that his work was finished on April 23, "a day on which, three hundred years ago, William Shakspeare, the poet of moral and

\* *Kirchengeschichte*. Von Friedr. Rud. Hasse. Herausgegeben von Lic. Dr. August Köhler. Bd. 1. Leipzig: Engelmann. London: Nutt. 1864.

† *Annalen des Königreichs Italien 1861 bis 1863*. Von W. Rüstow, Oberst-Brigadier. Zweites Buch: Das Ministerium Ricasoli. Leipzig: Köhler. London: Nutt. 1864.

‡ *Demetrius. Eine Tragödie*. Von F. Hebbel. Hamburg: Hoffmann & Campe. London: Williams & Norgate. 1864.

§ *Shakspeare in seiner Wirklichkeit*. Von J. L. F. Flathe. Theil 2. Leipzig: Dyk. London: Williams & Norgate. 1864.

¶ *Kunst über alle Künste ein böß Weib gut zu machen. Eine deutsche Bearbeitung von Shakspeare's "The Taming of the Shrew," aus dem Jahr 1672*. Neu herausgegeben mit Beifügung des englischen Originals und Anmerkungen von Reinhold Köhler. Berlin: Wiedmann. London: Williams & Norgate. 1864.

¶ *Ein Wort an England von Schleswig-Holsteins Recht und Deutschlands Ehre*. Denkschrift gerichtet an Mitglieder des englischen Unterhauses von Emil Pirazzi. Frankfurt a. M.: Sauerländer. London: Williams & Norgate. 1864.

politico-historical justice, first saw the light." He is very severe on the lower orders of Copenhagen—that "common and brutal Plebs" as he styles them—accusing them of having insulted and ill-treated the Queen and the Princess Dagmar at the door of the Fraenkirche on the 11th of February; but he speaks with great respect of England and its people. He addresses them in sad but endearing accents, warning them that Germany may find it necessary "to proclaim a negative blockade," and, by refusing to have anything to do with English wares, may strike a heavy blow at English commerce. He concludes by intimating that the day may come when, as Wellington at Waterloo prayed that the Prussians might arrive, so England may cry aloud in agony, "Would that the Germans were here!" and that on her present conduct will the fulfilment of that prayer depend.

The eleventh edition of Brockhaus's *Conversations-Lexikon*\* is passing through the press, and will be completed in fifteen volumes. In spite of the stand made by scientific men in Germany against cyclopædias, which they accuse of having a lowering and deadening effect upon knowledge, the present work appears to make steady progress, its publisher asserting that there are a quarter of a million copies of it in circulation, and that it is to be found in every part of the world into which civilization has penetrated.

Diez's *Etymological Dictionary of the Romance Languages*† has been translated by Mr. Donkin, who has improved on the original plan of the work by reducing the whole dictionary to one alphabet. He has also availed himself of the labours of other eminent writers on the same subject, and has added a vocabulary of such English words as are connected with any of the Romance words treated of.

\* *Allgemeine deutsche Real-Encyclopädie für die gebildeten Stände. Conversations-Lexikon*. Elfte Auflage. Band 1. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate. 1864.

† *An Etymological Dictionary of the Romance Languages; chiefly from the German of F. Diez*. By J. C. Donkin, B.A. London: Williams & Norgate. 1864.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

#### NOTICE.

The publication of the "SATURDAY REVIEW" takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-Agent, on the day of publication.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

MR. and Mrs. GERMAN REED, with Mr. JOHN PARRY, in THE PYRAMID. To be followed by THE BARD and HIS BIRTHDAY, and THE SEASIDE, or Mrs. Reed's out of Town. Every Evening (except Saturday), at Eight; Thursday and Saturday Mornings, at Three.—Royal Gallery of Illustration, 15, Regent Street.

ALEXANDRA PARK COMPANY, Limited.—THE GREAT FLOWER SHOW will take place on Wednesday, June 23, and Thursday, June 24, when 2700 will be given in Prizes. Two Military Bands will be in attendance. Admission.—First Day, Five Shillings; or by Tickets purchased before the day, Four Shillings. Second Day, by payment at the Entrance, One Shilling.

The Great Northern Railway Company have most liberally consented, subject to the Rules and Regulations specially framed, to convey the Plants, &c., intended for Exhibition from any Station on their line free of charge, and in like manner to convey them back free of charge after the close of the Show.

Tickets can be obtained at 449 West Strand; Messrs. Keith, Prowse, & Co.'s, Chesapeake; Mr. R. Clarke's, 51 Threadneedle Street; Mr. Buchanan's Archery Establishment, Piccadilly; Mr. W. Cutler's, 116 Upper Street, Islington; or of the Company's Agents.

F. K. PARKINSON, Secretary.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS.—THE SIXTIETH ANNUAL EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN, at their Gallery, 5 Pall Mall East (close to the National Gallery), from Nine till Dark. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.

JOSEPH J. JENKINS, Secretary.

HOLMAN HUNT'S PICTURES, "LONDON BRIDGE ON the NIGHT of the MARRIAGE of the PRINCE and PRINCESS of WALES," and "THE AFTERGLOW in EGYPT," together with ROBERT B. MARSHALL'S Picture, "THE LAST DAY in the OLD HOME," are NOW ON VIEW at the New Gallery, 16 Hanover Street, Regent Street, from Nine in the Morning till Ten at Night.—Admission, during the Day, from Nine till Seven, 1s.; in the Evening, from Seven till Ten, 6d.

PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBITION.—THE TENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of the PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY is now Open from Ten till Six, at the Gallery, 48 Pall Mall.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

MR. SIMPSON'S WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS of INDIA, THIBET, and CASHMERE, at the German Gallery, 108 New Bond Street, Daily, from Ten till Six o'clock.—Admission, 1s.

ON VIEW, the PICTURE of the MARRIAGE of H.R.H. the PRINCE of WALES, painted from Actual Settings by Mr. G. H. Thomas, who was present at the Ceremony by Gracious Command of Her Majesty the Queen; at the German Gallery, 108 New Bond Street, Daily, from Ten till Six. Admission, 1s.—The Invitation Cards issued for the Private View may still be made available for free admission.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.—TOURIST TICKETS for ONE MONTH are now issued from Paddington, Victoria, Chelsea, Battersea, Farringdon Street, King's Cross, Gower Street, and Portland Road Stations, to the COASTS of SOMERSET, DEVON, and CORNWALL; namely, Minehead, Linton, Ilfracombe, &c., Teignmouth, Torquay, Tynemouth, Falmouth, Penzance, &c. Also WYEMOUTH and the Channel Islands.

NORTH WALES: Llangollen, Rhyl, Llandudno, Llanrwst, Bangor, Carnarvon, Holyhead, &c.

Also to the ISLE of MAN, via Liverpool.

SOUTH WALES: Neath, Carmarthen, New Milford, Tenby, &c.

TICKETS will also be issued for CIRCULAR TOURS in NORTH and SOUTH WALES.

THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT: Windermere, Ulverston, Conistone, Furness Abbey, Penrith, &c.

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The Carnarvon Coach will not commence running until June 20.

Programmes, containing Fares and full Particulars, may be obtained at all the Company's Stations and Receiving Offices.

Paddington, June 1864.

J. GRIERSON, General Manager.

